JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

No. 107095

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VI. No. 154. Saturday, May 15th, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

What is the little game going on between the Government and Lord Charles Beresford? It looks as though they are arriving at an *entente cordiale*.

We observe that *Truth* ("the Sixpenny JOHN BULL") has come round to our view that the Lords will reject the Budget and force a General Election. When you see it in JOHN BULL and *Truth*—well, it *must* be so!

Last week we asked the Foreign Secretary whether he was aware that three Servian officers, whom we named, and all of whom were implicated in the murder and mutilation of the late King and Queen, were now aides-de-camp of Peter Karageorgevitch, and whether, in view of the agreement which led to our renewal of diplomatic relations, he would say what steps, if any, had been taken to safeguard the British Minister from coming into personal contact with these regicides in the course of his official duties. Sir Edward Grey replied that he had received no information, and that he did not consider it would be to the public interest to "reopen the question." We therefore transfix him on two horns of a dilemma: either his policy of refusing diplomatic relations until the regicides were retired is now admitted to have been a blunder; or else he is weakly and stupidly abandoning a wise policy, which he was at great pains to enforce. In either case he does not shine as the great strong statesman, such as his friends love to depict him.

It is understood that the Master of the Mint has authorised the issue of millions of farthings in order to cope with the demand of tobacconists for small change.

We are sorry that Captain Kincaid-Smith did not do better at Stratford. Not that we altogether agree with his views on military matters, but we like pluck and independence. Unfortunately, the despotism of Party was too strong for him. But we hope to meet him again in the House before long. There are many less interesting members than he was.

Honourable members already begin to feel the pinch of the Budget shoe, in the House of Commons. The Kitchen Committee have increased the prices of all cigars, tobaccos, and spirits. True, ginger beer is at the old figure, but Scotch is up a penny a glass, and Irish also. Nevertheless, the places of refreshment are still well patronised by members, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though himself a teetotaler, having driven them to drink.

Is that Yankee millionaire who has offered the Duke of Norfolk £60,000 for his Holbein picture the same old millionaire who so frequently crops up when a Duke wants to do a deal with the nation? In this case, the Duke offers the picture to the nation for the price at which the alleged Yankee millionaire yearns to buy it. Our advice to the Duke and the Government is to let the Yankee have it. He will be paying only about twice as much for it as has ever been paid for any Holbein on earth—and ten times as much as it would fetch in heaven.

We find that an article which we recently published concerning the great Lancashire seaside resort, Blackpool, has given offence to a large number of local readers and others—especially the story about the shoeblack being robbed of his clothes. Upon enquiry, and after considering a large quantity of correspondence, we are satisfied that the writer of the article was not justified in his wholesale charges, and that the authorities of the town make every possible effort to secure that it is well governed. From many points of view, Blackpool is an excellent seaside place, and it is only from considerations of space that we refrain from publishing the many tributes to its charms which the article has brought us. But we hope that we have duly made the *amende honorable*. Nothing could be further from our desire than to injure the struggling lodging-house and inn keepers of the place, or to cast an undeserved slur upon an enterprising municipality. So three cheers for Blackpool—which isn't so black, after all.

The resignation of Captain Hamilton from the command of the London Fire Brigade gives the Committee of the L.C.C. an opportunity to do an act of justice to the next in command, whose claims as a practical fireman have been overlooked so often. It will not be fair to appoint over his head a gentleman who, whatever his qualifications in other directions may be, either as Army man or Navy man, has to be taught the business of fire-extinguishing.

Recently we commented on the action of the Imperial Tobacco Company in ordering the vaccination of their Bristol employees. It appeared from the last meeting of the Board of Guardians that the cost of this order would fall upon the ratepayers, the bill of one public vaccinator alone amounting to £313 for the quarter. It is pleasant to record that Messrs. Wills have now intimated to the Guardians that they have decided to relieve the rates of the cost of the vaccination of persons employed by the firm. Perhaps our words had some influence on this decision.

There is a South Shields curate, the Rev. Stanley Latham Connor, to wit, who seems to have the courage of his humanitarian convictions. Recently he was going to his lodgings when he saw "a small donkey, little bigger than a dog," dragging, or, rather, trying to drag, a cart containing eight bipeds who would probably describe themselves as men. With natural choler the parson seized the ass's head, and told the men that if they didn't get out of the cart "he would chuck them out." As they refused, he sent for a policeman, and held on. Then two of the men jumped out of the cart, and commenced to batter him. "P.C. Darling said that when he arrived on the scene Mr. Connor was struggling with the two prisoners and was bleeding from the mouth and nose." The magistrate fined the men rather less than we should have been inclined to do had we been on the bench, but that was probably due to the fact that the parson did not make much fuss about the mauling he received. If there were more clergymen with the pluck of Mr. Connor there would doubtless be fewer brutes of the type which he tackled; wherefore he has our benediction. He is the sort of Christian we like.

For sheer impertinence it would be difficult to beat a printed circular which has been received by a Hatton Garden firm of manufacturers and importers from "F. H. Walker, p. Manager," of a concern calling itself the "Traders' Institute," of Bow Lane, London. The circular commences: "One of our clients, who has business relations with you, requests us to give information about your commercial standing," adding that, "Finding information gathered from other firms is not always reliable, and recognising your right to be heard in this matter, we respectfully invite you to answer the appended questions, and return them with any reference you may care to give us." We have described this circular as impertinent, but it is also humorous. If the experience of the Traders' Institute is that private information of the kind they seek "from other firms" on behalf of their alleged clients "is not always reliable," those clients can hardly be benefited by having a trader's own account of his commercial standing filtered back to them. It would be cheaper for them to write direct. But let us look at the questions.

They suggest the ingenious schedules of His Majesty's Income Tax Surveyors. Among other things, the "Institute" wants to know whether the partners are related, and how; previous business career and training of same; if financially interested in any other business ventures; amount of own and borrowed capital; approximate turnover for last three years; approximate value of stock; how many workers employed; name of bankers; rental value of premises and by whom owned; trade references; and "short history of their own and partners' past business career, to show gradual development." We suggest to the "Institute" further additions to their list of questions: "Have you ever been vaccinated?" "Describe your birthmarks, and where to be found?" "Do you live with your wife?" "Have you ever been in gaol, and, if not, why not?" There would be ample scope for the "Institute" but for one simple fact. The commercial world is not a community of idiots.

The vote at the last meeting of Bournemouth Town Council on the Sunday question leaves that pleasant resort in the grip of the Sabbatarians. It will remain minus Sunday music on the piers, Sunday steamboats on the waters, Sunday trams along its six-mile stretch of seafront, or anywhere else. That the unco' guid may play the puritan, that the well-to-do residents may repose in unbroken quiet and "respectability," the week-enders who visit Bournemouth for health and pleasure are compelled to gaze on boatless waters, and tramless shores, and musicless piers, while workingmen, driven to the outskirts of the town by economic pressure, must drag their wives and families long distances afoot if they want to spend a few hours of their leisured Sunday on the sands. It is difficult to believe that the eighty thousand people who now comprise the population of Bournemouth are in agreement with those who put this blight on their innocent Sunday pleasures and the means of conveniently taking advantage of them. Is there nobody in the place of sufficient moral strength and popular influence to start some sort of organisation to combat and rout the selfish kill-joys of their Town Council? If not, then, of course, there is nothing more to be said, for nothing less will quicken and stimulate and make effective in Bournemouth that human movement for a rational Sunday which helps so much to ease the pressure and lift the burdens of our working lives.

And this recalls to us the many hundreds of letters we receive requesting us to make an early start with our "John Bull League"—"an anti-crank, anti-Sabbatarian, anti-fad league," as a Bournemouth Bullite succinctly expresses it. This it certainly shall be as soon as we have time and opportunity to launch it. For awhile our hands are very full. It will be obvious that a League of this kind needs a widespread organisation to make it effective as a social weapon of defence and combat, and undue haste in bringing it into being would be a disadvantage. We may say this now, however. We shall be glad to hear from readers influential in the various towns in which we circulate at home and abroad, that they are willing to organise branches on the broad lines indicated. Given groups of 100 people or more to start with, and communicating with us through a head selected as their secretary *pro tem.*, much of the preliminary work would be taken off our hands. We would then, in due course, submit a simple constitution for approval to the heads of the groups awaiting the "call," and proceed to settle all other details. The whole of the groups would be linked up in a London executive, under the Chairmanship of our Editor. The hard work is the preliminary work; the rest is easy. More anon.

In a sneaking sort of way we are sorry for Mr. Sorrell, the solicitor who lost a libel action against *The Times* the other day. Cross-examined by Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., he stated that on occasion, when he had to go before the Registrar with some grievance or other, that functionary "took the Book from the attendant and pushed it into his stomach. His conduct," added Mr. Sorrell, "was to be deplored." We have not a doubt of it, always supposing that the defendant's version of the incident is to be accepted. The learned Registrar cannot too clearly understand that the purpose of the Book under the Act is not that of being pushed into anybody's dining apparatus, but that of being kissed to render more credible the incidents of the short story. Peradventure, however, the collision was one of the inadvertencies of regretful haste.

According to *The Times*, it has been decided that "Queen Wilhelmina shall nurse the baby Princess of Holland herself." Though rare in queens, this strikes us as an excellent example of what the poet calls the milk of human kindness.

Mr. S. F. Cody has made "three short flights of from fifty to a hundred yards" in his aeroplane, under the moon. The next day he took his machine out under the sun, "but the wind was too high to admit of flights." Not that it matters. The Government has now decided to raise the wind for experiments "on a more satisfactory basis," and it may be that the Army and the Navy will soon be able to fly with the best. The subjective effect of the Budget on Ministers appears to have made them quite airy. The subjective effect of Stratford-on-Avon—but no matter.

Here is a funny example of police evidence at Romford. "P.C. Empson said that at 2.15 a.m. on Sunday, he heard shouting and yelling in South Street—in fact, he never before heard such an unearthly noise. He found defendant lying *fast asleep* by the side of the Congregational Church. After some difficulty, he was able to wake the defendant up, and he then found that defendant was drunk." Defendant cannot have been a very light sleeper. Perhaps the sermon at the Congregational Church had been too much for him.

According to *The Times'* report, Canon Mason, preaching at Canterbury Cathedral, said, "Much lustral water and the most precious of all precious blood were needed to do away with the pollution which Swinburne's poetry had introduced into English literature." It would seem as if the fairy Oberon had cast his spell on the unfortunate congregation, and, like Titania, they knew not the braying of an ass when they heard it. No wonder the Church of England is fast losing her hold on the people!

A correspondent protests against the proposed legislation to regulate cinematograph exhibitions. He says, too many people are "on the pounce to interfere with the pleasures of the people." The objection to these shows appears to be partly Sabbatarian, but the excuse is: danger. Razors, however, and smoking are also dangerous. Razors are used for murder and suicide; smoking leads to fires. Considering how successful these entertainments are all over the Continent, they might surely be given a chance over here.

Mr. Mark Sykes has been writing some interesting articles about Turkey in the *Saturday Review*. Somewhere in Asia he met a man who told him that "the Parliament is the tool of the Committee of Union and Progress, just as the Porte was the tool of Yildiz. Spies now report to the Committee, and the Committee dilate and persecute in the name of Liberty, just as Izzet and the others did." Travelling among remote villages, Mr. Sykes was struck by the charms of the people who have escaped the taint of politics. "Honest, healthy, industrious Turkish peasants!" he exclaims. "Why is time so out of joint that you, with your good open hearts, your smiling faces, your shrewd wit, your deep devotion, should be the prey of seedy adventurers who, it seems, must rule whether the Government be reactionary, progressive, or liberal?" Hear, hear!

Some Paris newspapers have quaint ideas about propriety in advertisement. Here is the latest example: "Do you want to win on the Turf? If so, do not fail to lunch at Restaurant —— on the days when important trials take place. Most of the leading owners congregate there, and you will only have to listen to their conversation in order to be as well-informed as they are themselves." After this, we should imagine that the leading owners will prefer to lunch somewhere else.

Why do men always cover up their faces with a newspaper or handkerchief when they sleep after lunch?

We have received the report of a lecture delivered by a lady named Warner on the subject of cruelty to animals. She stated that a man "tied a rope round a puppy to act as a collar, never loosened it for a year, and the rope actually grew into the animal's neck." We are too polite to contradict a lady, but we should like to know when and where this happened, what was the man's name, and what became of the puppy? Coming to slaughter-house scandals, she said that "sheep were especially difficult to kill owing to the thickness of their skulls and the situation of the brain. No butcher would guarantee to kill the animal simply with a pole-axe; he could not do it." It is probably news to her that the thickness of a sheep's skull and the situation of the brain are not serious obstacles to the process of cutting its throat. We are reminded of another humanitarian who entered a serious protest against the barbarous practice of scratching horses before races.

A Balham reader writes us as follows:—

> For some time past, there has been a lot of talk about "Back to the Land," and a good deal has been said about farmers not being able to obtain hands owing to the rush for the cities, etc., etc. It would be interesting to know how much those who write these things really know about the matter. Take our own case. My mother is a widow with two sons—that is, myself and a lad nearly 15 years of age, who wanted very badly to be a farmer. So for ten weeks I put an advertisement in two country papers, only asking for a situation. We did not expect any salary to start; indeed, I would not have minded paying a little towards his board for a month or two.

But perhaps farmers do not want town hands.

Perhaps the most squirm-producing feature we have ever found in any English paper is the *Daily Mirror's* daily guide to dull diners. It is entitled "To-Day's Dinner-Table Topics," and is no doubt carefully scanned by brainless suburbans. Perhaps some of them even carry a clipping in their waistcoat pockets for surreptitious inspiration. Listen to this and suppress a groan if you can:—

> The East Edinburgh election. Chances and changes of the two parties. Is the tide turning or turned? Prospects of a general election. Guesses as to the next Tory Cabinet. Who will be in it, and what posts will be allotted to what people? (If you are talking to a politician intimate that he, of course, ought to be in the Cabinet, whoever else is left out.)
>
> Affairs at Constantinople. Rather an exciting place to be in. Have you been there? What foreign capitals do you know, and which do you prefer?

Note the insolence of suggesting, no doubt with a leer and a giggle, that the obscure politician in Peckham will *of course* be in the next Cabinet, though if it is to be a Cabinet of the old old gang, even the cat's-meat man round the corner might reasonably aspire. Note also the profound originality of the comment on Constantinople and the sweet simplicity of the invitation to talk about travels: "Have you been to Pisa?" . . . "No, but the cat of the grandmother has wet fur." Surely even Ollendorf would be better company.

However, according to the *Daily Mirror*, the great thing is to talk about the aristocracy:—

> Holme Lacy, the famous seat of Lord Chesterfield, to be sold. What a pity. Other famous places deserted recently by their owners—for example, Trentham, by the Duke of Sutherland. But Lord Lytton has gone back to live at Knebworth, which for years was let to Lord Strathcona. Difficulty and expense of keeping up big places. Is it not better to go and stay in them, without having any of the trouble, than to have all the trouble and to own them?

But the last remark might lead to misapprehension. Suppose your fellow-guest did not happen to have the run of the servants' hall?

One of our readers sends us a list of "horticultural novelties for 1909," and asks whether we think it "all right." No doubt it is, because the advertisement says so; but we confess that it rather tends to take our breath away. For instance, we are told of a radish seed which produces fruit so to speak "42 inches in circumference, or as big round as a small cask, and 21 inches long." If we met a radish like that, we should feel our pulse nervously and wonder how many "small casks" we had eaten last night. This must have been the radish the philosopher had in mind when he called the human animal "a forked radish." We will not warrant that we would face unflinchingly "the Goliath marrow, 100 lbs. in weight and a yard and a half long," although we have had some training at local flower and vegetable shows. The Cut-and-Come-Again Cucumber pleases us more. The idea of a cucumber which is very like a ham—"you cut what you want from the growing fruit, the remainder keeping quite fresh to cut when wanted," has its points. The usual cucumber does not improve with keeping, after the first sample.

Everyone who desires that our hospitals should stand well with the public will hope that the authorities of Guy's have made a note of the evidence given at a recent inquest. A nurse testified that it is customary to tell friends of patients that cases *in extremis* are "well and comfortable." This may be an excusable mis-statement under special circumstances, but it is grossly improper in the majority of cases. Not only that, an outside doctor, who had sent a patient to the hospital, asked to see the man (who had undergone several operations), and was told that he was "progressing favourably," although his chart set forth a directly opposite condition of affairs, and, as a matter of fact, he was dying. This doctor was one of several witnesses who stated that the man complained of being badly attended; and he added that the house-surgeon, when asked about the case, complained of "interference" and was "contemptuous." Of course, everything may have been all right, but the matter certainly calls for explanation. Needless to state, we shall be happy to give Guy's side as fully as the authorities care to furnish it—and the fuller the better.

Gambling is one of the few things in which men are able better to distinguish between the legitimate and the illegitimate in practice, than in theory. Therefore, it is one of those things which the law does best to leave alone, or to regulate only in so far as experience proves to be absolutely necessary. Our own view is well known; we would allow men to gamble openly on anything that in itself was not illegal, through the medium of recognised persons or institutions; and we would make the "small vices" of the people pay for their large benefits, by means of all-round but practically imperceptible taxes. Mr. Winston Churchill's Bill to prevent unscrupulous gambling on doubtful ships may or may not be passed, but it is a step in the right direction. In the same way, Mr. Alfred Butterworth's proposed tax on gambling in cotton futures would give the Chancellor about £3,000,000 per annum. Mr. Butterworth knows his problem; he is a popular mill-owner with a practical and theoretical grasp of the cotton position. He is aware, as everyone is, that spasmodic gambling in cotton futures is bad for his trade; it put up the price a halfpenny per pound recently without any good reason in fact. It will continue to some extent, no doubt, even after we have increased the areas of supply by developing Colonial cotton fields; certainly it will last as long as we draw the bulk of our supply from one source only. Meanwhile, a "future" gambling tax of £1 per 100 bales would bring in £60,000 per week; and Mr. Lloyd George could do with it.

One of the best tests of the sincerity of a man's religion is his willingness to pay for it. Yet among the sweated industries of this country we ought to schedule the work of the curate and the minor Nonconformist minister. Of course, it may be said that men who take up a spiritual profession should be content with what the Lord sends in the way of loaves and fishes. But that is begging the question. No great lovers of preaching ourselves, we are yet more than willing to acknowledge the value of the social work performed by the curate and his brother from Little Bethel, in the care and consolation of the sick and the children and in a dozen other ways. Such labourers are worthy of their hire; and it is little enough as a rule that they get. The curate too often is sweated by his vicar; the Dissenting minister frequently is hard put to it to make both ends meet. Apparently it is hopeless to expect the richer clergy ever to "share out"; but some of the Nonconformist bodies have taken in hand the problem of the poverty-stricken preacher and are dealing with it boldly. The Wesleyans already have a minimum wage, and now the Congregationalists are about to fix £2 10s. per week as the lowest recognised remuneration for their ministers. This scheme, administered elastically, so as to differentiate between town and country, and accompanied by a Superannuation Fund, will at least save the Congregationalist ministers from the crowning disgrace of eking out their income by a revolting kind of pinchbeck charity, including the doling of second-hand clothes.

A writer named London (of California) has been exhibited by Mr. Frank Harris as the appropriator of a whole article for a chapter in a book. The appropriation was not even artistically performed, for the scene was conveyed to California while the local colour remained that of the British capital. It is interesting to note that Mr. Jack London describes himself in "Who's Who" as having been an oyster-pirate. But he must not be allowed to extend his depredations into the domain of letters. Colonel Maxse, D.S.O., will have to look to his laurels.

Prince Ferdinand has been arousing much merriment by commissioning one of his Bulgars to paint him on a war-horse at the head of his armies. Neither Cæsar nor Buonaparte nor Alexander can ever have looked more noble and martial and heroic than the counterfeit presentment of this fat Coburger. And the cream of the jest lies in the fact that he can't even ride. When he last proclaimed himself an Emperor and indulged in a state entry of his capital, two men had to lead his horse by the bridle, more men had to prop him up so that he should not fall off, and even then he nearly came a cropper. Now he announces another State entry which is to be celebrated with "great pomp." Let us hope that he may be persuaded to take a few riding lessons in the meanwhile.

The Bank of England says it has not refused to give up the Sultan's private fortune to the victorious rebels. All we can say is that it ought to have refused; and, if the Sultan were not a prisoner, he would have a very good chance of compelling the Bank to make restitution.

Some quotations from a book, entitled "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," are published by a contemporary and deserve to be remembered so long as the Nonconformist Conscience continues to urge melancholy on the weekly holiday. We note that in 1656, an unfortunate captain was set in the stocks for two hours at Boston on conviction of "lewd and unseemly behaviour." His offence was that, after three years' absence, he kissed his wife in public on the Sabbath day. It would be interesting to know Dr. Clifford's opinion of that crime; also what Sabbatical rules and restrictions he would impose if he came into power.

We observe with startled interest that one of the articles displayed at a Nursing Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries is described as "a baby incubator." In one of the journals there is a picture of this formidable contrivance, superintended by an attractively plump lady, the said contrivance being inhabited, apparently, by a baby bearing remarkable resemblance to a Dutch rabbit. Surely there is some mistake. On turning up our dictionary we find an incubator set down bluntly as "a machine for hatching eggs by artificial heat"—just that and no more; and it seems to be unduly stretching words to talk of "incubators" in relation to human offspring. Although we believe that the poultry journals in their turn advertise "foster-mothers." Perhaps the Grafton Galleries' exhibit is not an incubator at all, but only a tin foster-mother, passing itself off under a label calculated to compel the attention of parents—natural and otherwise. We hope so!

The debate on the Bishop of Hereford's Cruelty to Animals Bill was marked by some excellent fooling. The Right Rev. Prelate talked his usual tedious nonsense. He is a born bore, and will always inspire loud and prolonged yawns. But his colleagues were in fine form. The Archbishop of Canterbury supported the Bill for the excellent reason that he had once won a cup at pigeon-shooting. Lord Newton opposed it with arguments in its favour: For instance, he thought rabbit-coursing undesirable, not because of its cruelty, but because it encouraged poaching! The Lord Chancellor said that betting induced servants to steal forks and spoons in order to pay their bookmakers! This sort of piffle will go far to counteract the good which the Government is doing the Peers.

An excellent example of the method official is furnished by the London Education Committee. A month or two ago, the Committee decided to erect a room for the use of teachers adjoining one of the L.C.C. schools in Camberwell. The building has not yet been erected. Nevertheless, a van arrived the other day with the necessary furniture, while shortly afterwards workmen attended to lay the linoleum and fix the blinds.

A French paper reports that the strange phenomenon of three suns has been observed at Belgrade, and has excited the population exceedingly. Now, if Peter Karageorgevitch had beheld two moons, there would have been less ground for surprise.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XXVI.

KEIR HARDIE AND VICTOR GRAYSON.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that some handcuffs "had to be FILED *through with* CHISELS,"
THE EVENING STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "his breeches were slit—and his character very nearly exposed,"
THE LIVERPOOL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asserting that "the poet Watts in those IMMORAL *lines, says:—'How doth the little busy bee,'"*
A CORRESPONDENT OF *FARROW'S BANK GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For offering in the "Exchange and Mart" to exchange 4 hen canaries for "good COOK,"
MR., MRS. OR MISS MILLS, OF WORTHING,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising waist-belts in their catalogue with the words "Customers' OWN SKINS *cured,"*
HARROD'S, LTD.,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a cupboard "in possession of owner for FIVE GENERATIONS,"
MR., MRS. OR MISS GRANDON, OF ANNGATE, NEAR DURHAM,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that a man "died at 12.30 P.M. *without medical assistance,"*
THE MALTA HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the man was arrested by his glass eye,"
THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "one of De Lesseps's daughters was so entirely devoted to him that on one occasion, happening to step back suddenly, he trod on her foot,"
T.P.'S WEEKLY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising "*WELL-LEATHERED *boys,"*
THE TIVOLI BOOT STORES OF SOUTH SHIELDS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the defendant should have taken the pledge long ago when he knew he couldn't keep sober,"
MR. R. G. BULL, R.M., OF NEWRY,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising "*WANTED, SITUATION *as* STALLION *or* SECOND MAN,"
MR. JOHNSON, OF WHITWAY, NEAR NEWBURY,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to "Germany's alliance with AUSTRALIA,"
THE WESTERN MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Col. Sinclair presented volunteer long-service medals to BETWEEN *fifteen and sixteen members,"*
THE SOUTH WALES DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a mare was impounded "in a very weak and EMANCIPATED *condition,"*
THE EASTERN DAILY PRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "one piece of paper was carried up and away until it was lost sight of, not even THEN *showing signs of falling,"*
THE WEST HERTS MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

INSIDE THE GERMAN FLEET.

REMARKABLE DISCLOSURES BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

It may be well to account for my acquaintance with the German Navy by explaining that, although the son of an English father, I have numerous German relatives on my mother's side, while my brother has for a number of years held a commission in the Imperial German Navy. But, although animated by the friendliest feelings towards my mother's people, I am much more anxious that no illusion with regard to their inflexible national ambitions should endanger the far dearer homeland of my father's race.

Germany's Changed Attitude.

For many years I have been brought into close contact with the German sea service, both in harbour and afloat, and during this period the fact which has most strongly impressed me has been the changed attitude of the German mind towards England. The following is a significant instance.

Until the dawn of the Kaiser's world-policy the naval power of France was the objective of the Teuton sailor's war dreams. With the passage of time, however, his eyes have been directed towards another possible opponent. Anyone as familiar as I have been with the interior of German men-of-war will have noticed inside the gun-casemates minute directions inscribed upon the walls to ensure the most effective fire being directed upon the ships against which they would most naturally be pitted in action. These directions include such items as the thickness of armour to be penetrated, the angle of fire to be employed, etc.

A Significant Change.

Previous to the above-mentioned period the names of the probable enemy's ships, thus described, were those of the French Navy, battleships and cruisers. Nowadays, however, if my readers could penetrate so far into the secrets of a German war-ship, they would find these interesting lists significantly filled by vessels of the British Navy!

Perhaps the German Navy more than anything else reflects the great change which has overtaken the relations of the two peoples. Some years ago my brother was in a German squadron which had foregathered with the British fleet in the Mediterranean on the occasion of a certain political incident, which never acquired unnecessary publicity. One night a number of British officers were entertained at a big musical reunion on board the German flagship. During the evening, with a view to pleasing their guests, the German officers got my brother, a good musician, to play and sing an English song; and presently, to the surprise and delight of the British sailors present, there burst forth the strains of "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay." It was a compliment which all of them appreciated, and they responded with tumultuous applause.

"To the Great Day."

How different is such a state of feeling to that existent nowadays, which dates very largely from the British support of the American fleet at Manilla, when the German squadron undoubtedly contemplated interference. I can state from intimate knowledge that the most popular toast in German naval vessels at the present time is "To the great day!" There is no need to be more explicit. It is well understood to refer to the hour when the naval power of Germany is strong enough to be launched in a struggle for the trident of the seas. As a matter of fact, ever since the war with France in 1871 the dominant feeling among German sailors has been one of jealousy at the elevation of their military comrades, and they are consumed with a desire to prove their mettle in the cause of the Fatherland against the last and final barrier to Germany's full and complete aggrandisement.

A Friendly Call!

The two following incidents, for which I can vouch, bear witness to the extraordinary persistence of the Germans in preparing for future hostile action in different directions. My brother was in the German squadron during the last visit paid by the Kaiser's Navy to Italy. The squadron went to Spezzia, where it met with a great reception from its Italian friends and allies. But, although the ostensible object of the German admiral was to mark the good feeling of his country for the Italian people, his real purpose was to utilise the visit to obtain a plan of the defences of the place. Accordingly he summoned his officers and instructed each of them to employ his powers of observation to the utmost, and without exciting suspicion, obtain as accurate an idea as possible. No notes were to be taken, but everyone, including the admiral himself, was to bring back a mental plan, and by careful comparison of the different impressions to construct an actual one of the great Italian naval station.

A Trip to France!

In the second incident I myself had a share. I was in Germany at the time when I received an invitation from my brother, then in command of a destroyer, to go with him for a fortnight's cruise. Shortly after we had started, however, he received an order to put into Wilhelmshaven and take on a fresh crew. The order seemed a mysterious one, and, I was dressed as the cook's assistant. At Wilhelmshaven the crew went ashore and a new lot came aboard, who, despite their garb of ordinary sailors, were speedily revealed as naval officers, some being of high rank.

We got out to sea, and standing down the English Channel we hoisted, to my astonishment, the English flag. My brother, however, assured me that no trick with British interests was intended on this occasion, and that, in fact, the French coast was our objective. And so it turned out. It was after sundown that we steamed straight for Cherbourg, and, without a moment's hesitation, went slap into the French harbour. There, strange as it may seem, we remained without any interference on the part of the French authorities for about half-an-hour, when we as speedily departed.

This object of this daring visit was to ascertain certain particulars of the more recent defences of the French naval station, which were undiscoverable from the land side. Such surreptitious methods, my brother explained, were unnecessary in the case of Great Britain.

The German Sailor.

I would say, in conclusion, that a close observation of the German sailor afloat has shown me that, exactly as the efficiency of the German soldier may be described as that of an automaton, so the naval warrior of the Fatherland also acquires an automatic precision in a remarkable degree during his short period of sea service. But in the matter of the expert long-service bluejacket they are also endeavouring to draw up to us.

Not only are they encouraged by the thought that they can beat us in the formation of vast naval reserves, but since the growth of naval enthusiasm in Germany they are also obtaining a very large increase in the volunteer class who make the Navy their profession and join it for long service and pension. Thus they are now obtaining a class of bluejacket worthy in every way to compare with our own long-service men, just when we have initiated a system by which a short-service man is introduced into the British Navy.

It is far too little known and appreciated that it is not only in the number and power of her ships that Germany has been overhauling us, but to an equally dangerous extent in the quality of her fighting sailors.

THE CONGLOMERATE CLASSICS.

By WALTER MOORE.

It all commenced through the publication of that wonderful series of reprints, the Conglomerate Classics, bound in pale green cloth, at twopence-halfpenny a volume. Up to that time Eric Stanton's reading had been confined mainly to the *Pink 'Un* and the sporting columns of the *Morning Mudlark*, upon which mental pabulum he had found himself able to conduct with efficiency and despatch the correspondence of Messrs. Slap and Pat, Ltd., butter merchants, of Bishopsgate Street Without; and to increase his salary in three years from fifteen to thirty-five shillings a week.

The appearance of the Conglomerate Classics had been heralded for months by enormous posters, full-page advertisements in all the papers, and a flood, or rather plague, of circulars by post, as well as an Egyptian swarm of fly-leaves in all the magazines. The importance of an acquaintance with classical literature, bound in pale green cloth, and enshrined in a fumed-oak revolving bookcase and trouser-stretcher combined, had been insisted on in a thousand ingenious ways. Alluring invitations to "cut this out," place it in an envelope bearing a half-penny stamp, and receive in return a 2,000-pp. booklet descriptive of the Conglomerate Classics, had appeared each morning for weeks in the *Morning Mudlark*. And when, finally, two pages of the paper were occupied by "an unprecedented offer" to forward the complete set of 500 volumes and the combined revolving bookcase and trouser-stretcher to any address upon receipt of a postal order for sixpence and a promise to pay the sum of £10 4s. in 1,224 monthly instalments of twopence each—Eric Stanton succumbed.

For a while Eric occupied his evenings with twirling the revolving bookcase, pressing his Sunday trousers, and gazing with gratified pride upon the pale green backs of the 500 volumes of classical lore. Then he began to read.

Grote's *History of Greece*, in 24 vols., seemed rather dry, and Lamb's *Essays* struck him as little better. But, as he had bought, or, rather, had commenced to buy the things, he felt bound to read them. So he persevered.

Every morning he carried a volume with him to the City, reading it in the train, reading it at lunch, reading it at slack moments in the office, and reading it on his way home again in the evenings. But, although he struggled through book after book, he had to confess each time he reached the grateful word "finis" that he had understood very little.

This puzzled him. He had never experienced any particular difficulty in following the meaning of the sporting pars. in the *Morning Mudlark*, and could see through a *double entendre* in the *Pink 'Un* in an instant. But for the life of him he could not extract the slightest sense from either Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* or Matthew Arnold's *Essays on Translating Homer*.

"It's no go," he said one morning, after a sleepless night, arising from an evening's struggle with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. "I'm not up to it. It's a rummy thing, but I can't follow *this* lot. I shall give it up."

That morning he took no pale green volume with him to the City. On Dulwich station he bought the *Morning Mudlark* as of old. It gave him quite a spasm of pleasure to finger the well-remembered sheets once more, with their hysterical headlines and famous fiscal maxim, "Tariff Reform means less bread but more cheese."

But, as fate would have it, his eye caught sight of the contents sheet of *D.F.'s Weekly*. "HOW TO ACQUIRE LITERARY TASTE" were the words that glared boldly at him in three-inch type. Leaning out of the carriage window he yelled for the newsboy.

"'*D.F.'s*'! Hi! '*D.F.'s*'!"

"The same to you," rejoined a passing porter, who fancied himself the object of Eric's remarks.

So Eric had no choice but to sink back into his corner and await with feverish impatience the train's arrival at London Bridge; when he flew to the bookstall and purchased *D.F.'s Weekly*.

Messrs. Slap and Pat, Ltd. were busy that morning, however. The mail was a heavy one. And Eric was kept "close at it" until lunch time. *D.F.'s Weekly* lay on the desk before him, open at the magic page: and Eric awaited with consuming impatience for the first leisure moment that would permit him to peruse the opening sentence of the article on Literary Taste. The headline caught the eye of Mr. Slap.

"What's this?" he said, "'Ow to acquire lit'ry taste?"

Mr. Slap read a few lines with a sarcastic gleam in his shrewd eye.

"Look 'ere, Stanton," he said, laying down the paper, "you take my advice. Let it alone. If you want to get on in this business I should recommend you to acquire the *Butter Taste*. There's more money in it."

Eric coloured, said nothing, but felt bitter; he was inexpressibly glad when six o'clock signalled his release from the duties which since the advent of the Conglomerate Classics had become somewhat irksome to him.

Arrived at his bed-sitting-room he hastily swallowed the lean neck chop his landlady had kindly par-boiled and semi-roasted for him, lighted a pipe, and prepared to read "How to Acquire Literary Taste."

Eric read the opening sentence; it ran thus:—

"With the decay of the ideal element which lay enshrined at the heart of the Homeric conception of the Universe, literature lost its inspirational force, and with the rise of scepticism and materialism the Greek genius declined."

"Did 'e?" murmured Eric, after his fourth perusal of this illuminating statement. Determined not to be beaten, however, he plodded on through a score of equally lucid sentences until he came to the following:—

"A study of the history of literature makes it plain that if the subject is to be pursued with culturistic aims the student must not be content with reading masterpieces; he will make little of Homer, Plato, Socrates and Aristotle unless he grasps the course of Greek national development."

Absently placing *D.F.'s Weekly* in the revolving trouser-stretcher, Eric went gloomily to bed.

He rose next morning a melancholy and slightly obfuscated young man. Through his head ran meaningless scraps of the sentences he had read the previous night. His landlady, bringing in his single boiled egg as usual, bade him "Good morning." Eric gazed vacantly at her portly figure, and to her indignant astonishment asked if she had "grasped the course of Greek development?"

"Don't talk to me about your Greekses," she said, with elephantine emphasis; "the nasty, bare-faced things. I seen them in the Mooseum, standin' up without a stitch. There ought to be a law. I'm surprised at *you*, Mr. Stanton, mentioning them to a mother of six, which might 'ave been seven, that I am!"

Eric contrived to get through his work at the warehouse that day without a similar lapse; but during the following three weeks he occasionally incorporated in the letters which Mr. Slap dictated, stray snatches of "Literary Taste." One such instance called down upon him the wrath of Messrs. Slap and Pat., Ltd. Transcribing a letter which Mr. Pat had dictated, he wrote:

"Dear Sirs,—

"We are in receipt of the samples of Danish 'fresh,' but regret to find that they are singularly deficient in Literary Taste. They spread well, but are devoid of the ideal element that lay enshrined at the heart of the Homeric conception of the Universe. We would also point out that they contain a high percentage of water, and have little or no inspirational force."

"Look 'ere, Stanton," said Mr. Slap, bringing the offending letter to Eric's desk; "What's this? 'Ave you bin on the booze, or what? Read it."

Eric read, and grew redder as he read. "I can't understand it," he stammered at length. Meanwhile Mr. Slap had been studying the young clerk closely.

"Look 'ere, Stanton," he said, laying a kindly hand on Eric's shoulder; "you're run down. Go 'ome and 'ave a week's rest. I don't want to lose you, but if this sort of thing 'appens again you must go, see?"

Eric climbed down from his stool, confused and trembling and struggled into his coat without a word.

Mr. Slap walked with him to the warehouse door.

"Look 'ere, Stanton," he said; "don't worry; but take my advice, when you get 'ome, burn the Conglomerate Classics, an' go back to the *Morning Mudlark*. Not a word, now; I knows all about it. And, by the way, light your pipe with *D.F.'s Weekly*. You'll have a five bob rise when you come back."

Eric Stanton is still with Messrs. Slap and Pat, Ltd., and has acquired the "butter taste" to such advantage that he believes a partnership to be in prospect. As for the Conglomerate Classics—well, his ponderous landlady found them useful for the copper fire on washing days

THE COUNTRY.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

When I live in London, I sigh for rustic delights. But when I have transferred myself and my wife and all my other pets and chattels to an old manor house covered with honeysuckle, I am incontinently filled with cravings for the tumult of a town. Sylvan delights are all very well. As the poet Blunt sings,

"I like the sweet morning air
And the crowing of the cocks."

I love to sit under my own fig-tree and breathe in the perfume of eglantine. I rejoice in the sun's perpendicular rays, which confer a brown, glad countenance. I welcome the opportunities of sport: ratting and hunting and shooting, even fishing and cricket. I can wear flannels or gaiters, milk my own goat, tickle my own pigs, chuck stones at my own chickens—in a word, do what I jolly well please. I am promoted from a mere number in a street to a proud potentate on a small scale.

Rural Monotony.

All this is excellent in theory. But there are drawbacks. To begin with, the country is sadly monotonous. One field is very like another, there is little to choose between hedgerows; even flowers suffer from uniformity. Besides, if you must have flowers you will get them much better and much cheaper from a florist without all the tedious labour of planting, pruning, watering, manuring and picking. Think also how miserably unsophisticated are the amusements of the country. What on earth are you to do with a guest who does not care for games? After you have bored him with visits to your domestic animals, there is nothing for it but to take him for a country walk. Now a country walk is my idea of purgatory. Can anything be more irksome than plodding along dusty roads or over dull downs without any object save to kill time? Even rational conversation becomes impossible, smoking loses its charm, cheerful fancies refuse to be wooed amid such dismal surroundings.

County Families.

There is evidently some subtle poison about country air, whereby the mind becomes atrophied. Look at some of the bumpkins who remain away from towns all the year. They are scarcely as intelligent as their sheep and oxen, certainly far less prepossessing. Their conversation at a dance or a dinner-party is almost entirely restricted to personalities about their bovine friends, malicious speculations over improbable intrigues, a dreary recital of medical symptoms, peevish complaints against His Majesty's Government. It is certainly appropriate that your well-to-do yokels should be members of the Conservative or Stupid Party, should concentrate their admiration upon wobblers like Arthur Balfour and coprolites like his brother Gerald. Talk to these frequenters of the pigsty and the henroost, probe into the mysterious movements of their sluggish brains, and you will find them incapable of the simplest reasoning, moss-grown and lichened with the most monstrous, prehistoric prejudices.

The Beasts of the Field.

As you know, I am a democrat, and admire horny hands far more than I love lords. But the village peasantry—I almost said village idiots—are often beasts of the field, and deserve no consideration. They are not only ignorant, inarticulate, senseless: they are full of superstition and insolence. Nowhere does the Sabbatarian heresy flourish more luxuriantly than among them; nowhere does the early Albert attitude linger more offensively. They have no respect for their superiors in intellect or station. They poach, pilfer, trespass, grumble, whine. They have no sense of gratitude or decency. You may tend them in sickness, rain puddings and blankets upon them, relieve them when they are out of work: no sooner are they free from their troubles than they cease pulling their forelocks and begin to greet your passage with a supercilious stare.*

Village Shops.

Country tradesmen are the most rapacious and unsatisfactory imaginable. Unable to secure a quick turnover, they necessarily keep their wares so long that the greater part are stale and fly-blown. Though their rents are far lower, their prices are much higher than those in town. They are untidy, unpunctual, muddle-headed: nothing is ever in its place, nothing can ever be found. Yet, if you should venture to assert your rights and send to the Stores for what you need, they will regard you as a pariah, a blackleg, a traitor, a criminal almost on a level with a vulpicide. Another point to be noted: country produce is almost impossible to obtain in the country. All the best eggs, cream, butter, meat, fruit, vegetables are sent away to London. Similarly, you can never hope for fresh fish at the seaside.

Country Curses.

This, of course, is only one of the many inconveniences of country life. Unless you possess plenty of horses and motors you are practically cut off from civilisation. If you want a stamp or a postal order, a tedious journey is necessary; if the plumber or the glazier be needed, you may have to wait for him interminably; housekeeping becomes a game of chance. Think how difficult it is to keep servants in the country, unless indeed they will flirt among themselves. Then, alas, there are neighbours. Either they are too friendly and you must use all your wits to prevent their wasting whole mornings or afternoons. Or else they pick a quarrel with you over some trifle and threaten to shoot your dog. If you are wise in your generation, you will soon recognise that your duty to your neighbour, or rather to yourself, is to give him the widest possible berth. Friendliness and propinquity are incompatible, except, perhaps, in the case of honeymooners.

The Fresh Air Farce.

What a farce it is to talk about fresh air as though it were a boon and a blessing. I believe there is some well-meaning editor who organises rural excursions for slum-children every summer. No doubt they would not go if they did not like the process, but if I were in their shoes I would rather have a tea-fight in my humble alley. To begin with, our climate is not suited to pic-nics: more than the average days in the year are too cold or too wet for outdoor pleasures. And even under the most favourable conditions, there is no advantage in feeding in a wood or a field. Winds blow the cloth about, the sun dries your bread and melts your butter, horrid insects crawl over your meats, invade your glass and hair. Then the noises in the country are irritating: stupid birds twitter distractingly, cows and cocks interrupt your train of thought, mowing machines jar, trees rustle. And country-smells, though all very fine in a stanza, are mostly disgusting. Farmyards are foul, manure-heaps are numerous, hay induces fever.

*We suggest that Jim Crow should spend a week-end in a healthy English village, when he would doubtless modify his opinion.—Editor.

JOHN BULL AND HIS SHADOWS.

I follow where the Standard leads,
I live up to the Times;
In paths of Truth I do my deeds
And Pick-Me-Up my dimes.
In Daily News I frequent scan
Old Answers learnt in school;
But only see the Englishman
Portrayed in our John Bull.

Fairplay is e'er its guiding Star,
Its War-Cry and its Life;
And yet there's Fun in every "par,"
And Tit-bits there are rife.
The Graphic way it rights a wrong—
No Sketch is out of rule—
Makes every Bystander feel strong
In this our staunch John Bull.

No Era does it blindly spurn,
No Land and Water miss;
No vicious Punch does it return
Should Syren falsely kiss.
It has the Stage all to itself
The Globe to rightly school,
And make the Puck of sordid pelf
Obedient to John Bull.

The postman brings my Daily Mail,
I, the Observer, scan
The Scraps of Wisdom which ne'er fail
My Country Life to span.
The World ne'er glooms for me the Sun,
Men Herald me no fool,
My Daily Mirror shows me one
Believer in John Bull.

Guillaume Park.

DO NOT ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES for

Stephens' *Ink*

No Dealer *SHOULD BE* "Out of stock". *NO OTHER* Ink is "Just as good."

"TOO OLD AT 36."

VIGOROUS REPLY.

Mr. J. Sleet, writing from 57, Gipsy Hill, Norwood, under date April 26th, sends us the following vigorous rejoinder to Mr. F. Ward's recent article:—

With your permission I should like to say a few words on the above, trusting it may be of interest to others that are in the same rut. To begin, I must tell you I am only a working man, age 41 next birthday, self-educated, started out to work at 10 years of age. Here we have a man, J. Smith, of good education, which I consider is half the battle. But what use did he make of it? Alas! he was like many so-called Christians, who kneel down and pray for it and expect it to come, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel. J. S. must have been very thin-skinned; too old at 36! Man, wake up; realise who you are, what you are, and what you can be if you like! It's not because you cannot, it's because you won't. And you will find you will not be too old even at 72. Providing a man has got health and strength he never ought to be out of work. I would not be out a day, and guarantee that if I left my usual work this week, I would give my wife 30s. a week. In the first place I should have a week's notice, so that if I had not got a penny saved I should have my week's money to come.

Monday morning I should be in Billingsgate Market at 5.30 a.m., buy a box of bloaters and a box of kippers, 50 in a box, price, according to market, from 9d. per box, lay them out in my arm basket on nice clean paper, and within a mile of the market sell them before breakfast; back again, buy more, and start a round in my own neighbourhood, where I know I could work up a connection worth £20 in three months. What? Can I hear you say you would not lower yourself? But J. S. did even worse. Put your pride in your pocket and your big profits too. There's no disgrace in earning an honest shilling.

Or you can go to Covent Garden, buy fruit, plants, cut flowers. Take out a licence, auctioneer or sell watches, jewellery, cutlery, crockery ware, picture postcards, and scores of other things. There's more money made out of buying and selling than anything else. But always buy a good article so that you can be depended upon, act straight, do unto others as you would like to be done by, and make your work a pleasure, no matter what your task may be, or what it is for; in that you will find the secret of success. Even the man with only a halfpenny can become his own master; buy a skin of blacking and go out boot-polishing. If you have not got a halfpenny, walk to Covent Garden, arriving at 3.30 a.m.; ask the tradesmen who drive up to let you carry their goods to the vans; 2d. a turn. I have paid from 2s. to 7s. to one man before breakfast. If they can do it, so can you. What one man can do another can do, if he likes. My candid opinion of so much unemployment is that the men who have got trades in their hands are satisfied; they know nothing else, and won't be told. Wake up! cultivate your minds, and *get on or get out.*

THE REVIVALIST.

(A Fragment.)

Before we part, my dear friends, I will tell you a little stowery which you can take 'ome with you.

The other day I came in contract with a man as was amongst the hunemployed. Now why was this 'ere man amongst the hunemployed?

Because 'e was out of a situ-wation!

And why was that there man out of a situ-wation?

Because 'e was not respectable!

And why was that there man not respectable?

(*Impressively.*) Because 'e 'ad a 'ole in the seat of 'is trousis!

And why did that there man 'ave a 'ole in the seat of 'is trousis?

(*More impressively.*) My friends, I will tell you why that there man 'ad a 'ole in the seat of 'is trousis.

(*Most impressively.*) Because 'e 'ad bin *a-settin' down*, when 'e ought to 'ave bin *a-kneelin'!*

(*Looks into tambourine which Hallelujah lass brings up.*) Thank you very much for fourpence-'a'penny. Gawd bless you hall.

[*Band. Exeunt omnes.*]

R. L. W.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XLIII

A Peckham reader sends us the following letter:—

"Perhaps the following case may interest you or your readers. I can vouch for its *bona-fides*, but my name and address are not for publication.

"When I was in Sunbury-on-Thames at Easter, I was staying at the post-office there, where they also run a greengrocer's shop and tea-gardens, and I was chatting in the kitchen with an old Irish woman, very respectable and seemingly honest and straightforward. When she had gone, the lady who keeps the post-office said to me that it was very hard lines that this old lady (Mrs. Dillon) could not get an old-age pension, and when I asked why, she said that a year ago the old woman had an accident, and some lady got her a ticket on the relieving officer by which she was entitled to 2s. 6d. worth of groceries, and that this stopped her getting a pension. She now lives in a hut, in awful conditions, and earns her livelihood by working in the fields, short-petticoated, for the magnificent sum of 10d. per day. I wrote to the President of the Local Government Board, and asked if an exception could not be made in a case like this, where a poor old woman of well over 70 was deprived of this small sum, which meant so much to her, and saying that I did not think the Act really aimed at depriving her of her pension. I had it in my mind that the great J. B., of soup-kitchen fame, might go out of his way to investigate this case, and show his democratic leanings, by turning the Act upside down and letting common sense come in, but I received the enclosed reply, which only goes to show the wooden-headed manner we are governed, when a person is made to suffer because of a rule to which there can be no exception. I expect there are hundreds and thousands of cases like this, where a person can own a house or two and get a pension, and where a person who ought to get a pension, who is dependent on her own exertions at 74 years of age, lives on 4s. or 5s. a week earned by the sweat of her poor wrinkled brow, cannot do so."

And this is the reply of the Local Government Board:—

Claim of Mrs. Dillon.

With reference to your letter of the 14th instant, addressed to the President, the Board may state that as the law stands at present any person who has received poor relief since the 1st January, 1908, other than relief excepted under Section 3 (1) (a) of the Old Age Pensions Act, 1908, is disqualified for the receipt of a pension.

It will be understood that neither the Pension Committee nor the Board have any authority to disregard any of the conditions or requirements of the Act.

19th April, 1909.

We do not see that as the Act stands, Mr. Burns could possibly do anything in the matter; but there certainly should be power to deal with exceptional cases of this kind. Poor old woman! Would any reader like to send her a few shillings? If so, we will forward the money to her.

JUDGMENT DAY.

Archangel Gabriel stood on high,
And blew his trumpet loud;
Upon the sound the world drew nigh,
And penitently bowed.

The righteous—though their sins were naught—
Shook, fearful as they stood.
The reason: that the Lord, they thought,
Might fail to find them good.

To weigh against their worldliness
They trotted out their deeds
Of charity and godliness,
According to their creeds.

The "wicked" stood, a mass apart;
They'd used no cant or fudge.
And having done as bade the heart
Allowed the Lord to judge.

The Lord held self-exaltment cheap,
And wrote these final notes:
"The 'bad' shall go among the sheep;
The 'good' among the goats."

H. I.

The Man Who Knows.

In every big business house there is always one man who is sent for when some special information is wanted. This is "the man who knows." The man who knows is the man who succeeds in Business. Why should not YOU be that man?

The world makes room for the man who knows. In the Business world the man who knows is the man who succeeds; he carries all before him because he has confidence in himself and he has confidence in the information he is acting on. He knows it has led others to Business success, and he knows it is going to lead him to Business Success. And so he has no fears, he goes on from one step on the Business ladder to another, till he gets right there. The world makes room for the man who knows.

Why Not You?

Has it ever occurred to you that you yourself might just as well be "the man who knows"? The man who knows is no more born with this specialised Business knowledge than he is born knowing how to read. He made up his mind to acquire it, and he did acquire it.

And so may you. But how?

Perhaps you have never heard of "The Business Encyclopædia"? or perhaps you have heard of it and read of it, but have brushed the knowledge aside saying it did not concern you.

You never made a greater mistake in your life. Everything relating to business concerns you—your bread-and-butter depends on it. You cannot afford to neglect Business knowledge nowadays. You cannot afford to be inefficient.

Or you may even have made up your mind to send for the Free Book that costs you nothing, and that will tell you all about the Business Encyclopædia—some day.

Send for the Free Book to-day. It will be the wisest thing you ever did. The Free Book will show you how necessary—nay, how indispensable—the Business Encyclopædia is to *your* success. It will tell you how you can acquire this wonderful work complete for a first payment of 1s. 6d., and pay for it, while you are using it, by a few small monthly payments that will not interfere in the slightest with your present obligations. The Free Book will tell you how *you* may become "the man who knows."

You cannot afford to be inefficient in the Business life of to-day. There is no room for the inefficient man in Business. There is no room for the inefficient man anywhere. He goes under. And "the man who knows" comes steadily to the top.

Now the question is, "How are *you* going to make yourself efficient?"

And the "Business Encyclopædia" is the answer.

The Key to Business Success

The "Business Encyclopædia" is the key to Business Success. The shopkeeper finds it valuable because it helps him to get more business. The clerk finds it valuable because it helps him to get a better position. The office manager finds it valuable because it helps him to organise his staff and his work. The commercial traveller finds it valuable because it tells him things about his work, the best methods and the rules that apply to it, that he never knew before. If all these men find it valuable, what reason is there for your idea that it does not concern you? The greatest mistake any man can make is to think he can dispense with aids that successful men have found valuable. The reason these men have succeeded is because they did not disdain the Business Book that gives them the information that means Success in Business.

With the "Business Encyclopædia" at your elbow you can turn up any point of doubt or difficulty that presents itself for solution, in the course of the Business day. There are over 12,000 references on the Index. Do you not see that this means certain facility of reference?

From the "Business Encyclopædia" you can study a complete course of Book-keeping by single or double entry, you can teach yourself Accounting, and Auditing and Stocktaking, and all

The Higher Branches of a Clerk's Education

without paying heavy fees to attend wearisome classes, or leaving your own comfortable room in the evening.

Debt Collecting, County Court Business, Banking and Cheque-book difficulties, and all about Bills, Foreign Trade, Shipping, etc., etc.—no clerk who means to rise will willingly remain ignorant of these matters, even though at the moment they do not seem to immediately concern him and his present work.

A Clerk's Opinion.

Mr. R. BLIGHT, Clerk, Totnes, writes:—"I consider the volumes of the 'Business Encyclopædia' the finest and most complete business books yet published. They have been of the greatest service to me."

The man who knows is the man who rises. If you do not know about Business, you are not able to seize a good chance when it comes your way. You never know when an opportunity is going to come your way in Business. The way to avoid missing it is always to be ready. If you want to succeed in Business you must know all about business.

The Work for Every Business Man.

Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS, Bristol, write:—"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is THE work par excellence for every business man to possess."

In the "Business Encyclopædia" you can learn everything that is to be learned about Advertising, and this information, like everything else in this great work, is written by an expert. National Advertising, Retail and Local Advertising, Business by Post Advertising are all dealt with. Much valuable information is paid to the large field advertising offers to men of originality and ability, the three main channels of work being clearly explained, viz., the Advertising Expert, the Advertising Manager and the Advertising Agent.

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The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—"THE PRACTICAL BOOK"—which will be sent to you *post free*. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

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.....

AN ARMENIAN ATROCITY

By Herbert Vivian.

Now that the Sultan has been robbed and exiled, Armenians are crawling out of their holes and displaying unwonted courage in perfect safety.

One gentleman with the Afrit-sounding name of Hemayath Azablarian has written a long rigmarole in respect of my article, "The Truth about the Sultan." He politely calls His Majesty "bloody," "hellish," a "despot," a "horrible old fiend," all in the most approved Parker-cum-Watson jargon. His idea of arguing with me is to call me "venomous," "cranky," "ignorant," "intellectually dishonest," "callous and indecent"; to attribute to me "verbose balderdash," "intellectual sacrilege," "nefarious suggestions," "sheer absurdity and vapid chicanery."

But when he comes to facts he is less convincing. He reminds me that His Majesty employed many Armenians. Does he then approve of the work they were employed to do? Is it grateful and decent for an Armenian to shower abuse upon a Monarch who showered favours upon the less rascally members of the race? It may not be grateful and decent, but it is certainly very Armenian.

Our Afrit goes on to justify the outrage on the Ottoman Bank, thereby siding with criminals of the Anarchist type. In his opinion it was merely a clever political move to break into a bank and threaten to blow it up with dynamite. He probably approves also of the bomb-throwing which occurred simultaneously near Galata Serai. As he sings the praises of the Young Turks, I will quote for his benefit Sir Francis Elliot's remarks on the retaliation which followed the raid:—

> It was a real outburst of national feeling, and, though individuals may have regretted the cruelty displayed by the rabble, no section of Turkish opinion sympathised with the Armenians. The Liberals and Young Turks were as ready to explain and excuse the carnage as the most fanatical Mollah.

My critic further asserts that all well-known European authorities acknowledge the intellectual wealth of Armenians and their value as "a stimulating factor in Turkey."

But Sir Francis Elliot wrote:—

> The Armenians are a race with little political aptitude . . . a people of great commercial and financial talents, supple and flexible as those must be who wish to make others part with their money: stubborn to heroism in preserving certain characteristics, but wanting withal in the more attractive qualities, in artistic sense, kindliness, and some (though not all) forms of courage.

As to His Majesty, my appreciation of his high qualities has been endorsed by Professor Vambéry, Mr. Tirrell (United States Minister at Constantinople), Mr. Sidney Whitman, and many other distinguished authorities.

"PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY"—ON PAPER!

A Yorkshire reader sends us the following circular, which is headed with a cross, printed in white, upon a patch of blood-red. We make no comment:—

ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.

Stockholm, Sweden, 12th February, 1909.

Dear Sirs,—By faith in the Word of God and under the teaching of the Holy Spirit this day having established myself at Stockholm as Paper Exporter, I, by these lines, beg to draw your attention to the advantage of buying your goods from the Scandinavian Paper Mills through my intermediary.

In submitting your enquiries to me you are sure to get them placed before the very Mill able to meet your requirements as well as to receive promptly a special quotation for the specific order.

Understanding a merchant to be the servant of others, my ambition is thus to aid the producing concern to find a buyer of its products as well as to assist the consumer in getting the very goods he requires, in a way profitable to both and glorifying the name of Our Lord, Jesus Christ.

For the realisation of so grand a plan the sympathy and assistance not only of a limited circle but merely of everyone in the trade must be reckoned upon, and I feel confident not only that you shall be induced to enter into connection with my firm, but also to acknowledge the blessing thereby derived from God.

Thor Rhodin.

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."

Great consternation prevailed at the farm-house. James Brown was barricading the windows; Mrs. Brown was hard put to it to see that the outer door was secure; and Master Brown was filling up the key-hole, but the enemy was still invisible. Night after night the household at the farm had been disturbed by the unseen foe; and as desperate evils required desperate remedies, the occupants had worn themselves out in their determination to conquer. After a while, they lulled themselves into a feeling of security, but, alas! they were soon to be upset. A loud rat-tat came at the door. Who could it be at that time of night, out on the lone country-side? James Brown did not snatch up his gun that reclined in a corner of the room, he was too brave a man to do that. He walked briskly down the short passage, and quickly threw the door open. No foe this time, it was their old friend Will Jackson from across at the neighbouring farm. "Come in, come in, Will, and have a drop o' something warm," exclaimed James Brown. Will Jackson did as he was requested, but when he got inside the sitting room he was surprised to see the windows guarded, and the house generally barricaded. "What trouble may you be having, James?" he said. "This is like a scene from 'An Englishman's Home.'" He felt uneasy, and said that he had not seen anybody about. James Brown listened to his remarks with a serious mien, then suddenly his face relaxed into a broad grin. "Ha!" he exclaimed; "so it is like 'An Englishman's Home,' but I hadn't thought o' that. True it is there is an enemy, but we can't keep him out, although we've been spending nights and nights in the attempt. You see, we have been trying to keep out the draught!"

"WORKHOUSES AND LUNATICS."

With reference to the letter that appeared under this head in our issue of April 24th, Mrs. Emily Smith, Poor Law Guardian of Northampton, writes us as follows:—

> I have just read with interest and amazement the letter in your April 24th issue on "Workhouses and Lunatics."
>
> Your correspondent says, "A dull-witted but physically strong girl has been detained in the Workhouse for years; her father, being married again, does not want her, and she is kept a virtual prisoner because she was in the way at home, and her physical strength makes her useful in the House." Your correspondent adds, "I submit there never has been any good reason why the girl should have been admitted to the House, and I look upon it as a scandal that she should have been made a virtual prisoner for life. I was for some years a Guardian of the Poor and I know of what I speak." I again express my surprise at the shortsightedness of this late Guardian, and congratulate that far-seeing Board which keeps a mentally weak woman in safe seclusion, instead of allowing her to mix with unscrupulous members of the other sex who, taking advantage of her weakness, would cause her to burden the long-suffering ratepayer with further editions of her type. I also am a Guardian, and during my period of office have realised that the freedom given to weak-minded paupers and the opportunities for reproduction, with their attendant evils in the shape of still more helpless progeny, are a crying shame to our boasted civilisation.
>
> We allow half-witted ones to burden the overtaxed public with the results of their lack of self-control, and then tax that public still further to supply defective schools to counteract the evil, while mentally strong children on whom the money *should* be spent are ruining their physique in the gutter. Seclusion of the weak-minded with work appropriate to their strength is one of the greatest services we can render to the great unborn, and though the initial expense may to the unthinking appear unnecessary, it will prove far cheaper in the long run. I am wondering how long it will take a slow-moving Parliament to remedy this evil, and shall be the first to welcome a Bill *compelling* Guardians or Public Assistance Bodies to keep half-witted persons in safe and healthy seclusion so that future generations may be spared the burden of maintaining the unwanted and the unfit.

What is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

SANDOW'S HEALTH LIBRARY

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Each volume is a small but complete practical illustrated treatise, dealing thoroughly and exclusively with the sufferer's own trouble, explaining how the reader may cure himself or herself or a child by means of simple scientific exercises entirely at home.

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Vol. 2. Constipation and Its Cure.—Mr. Sandow's system of Scientific Physical Culture, which permanently cures 999 out of every 1,000 cases of this complaint, is fully explained.

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Vol. 4. Nervous Disorders in Men.—Mr. Sandow goes thoroughly into the whole question, putting fresh hope into the heart of the sufferer by convincing him that he can make life again a beautiful and joyous thing.

Vol. 5. Nervous Disorders in Women.—It is quite clear to the lady reader just how, by a perfectly simple, inexpensive and pleasant process, she is enabled to banish any of the various forms of nervous disorders to which women are subject.

Vol. 6. Obesity in Men.—Mr. Sandow shows how the whole trouble may be speedily and permanently eradicated, whilst the general health is at the same time improved.

Vol. 7. Obesity in Women.—The woman who suffers in this manner is worthy of the utmost sympathy. This Mr. Sandow offers—in the most practical manner possible—by pointing out to the sufferer a safe, speedy, and certain method by which she can rid herself of this dangerous and unsightly ailment.

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The nerve-ridden man or woman is quickly nerve restored by scientific exercise.

Vol. 14. Physical Deformities in Men.—Mr. Eugen Sandow brings a message of hope and confidence to the physically deformed, and points out that he can help to rid him of what can only be described as an ugly blot on Life's fair page.

Vol. 15. Physical Deformities in Women.—Mr. Sandow has been enabled to achieve unique results, and in your own particular case, if afflicted with spinal curvature or some other defect, he will most likely be able to do the same thing.

Vol. 16. Functional Defects in Speech.—Explains exactly the application of Mr. Sandow's system of curative exercise to the relief of such disorders.

Vol. 17. Circulatory Disorders.—This volume goes fully into circulatory disorders and shows how by expert application of his system of curative exercise the desired results may be speedily attained.

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Vol. 19. Everyday Health.—Mr. Sandow shows how the vast number of men and women who are not quite up to par may, by means of his system of scientific curative exercise, perfect their health.

Vol. 20. Physical Development for Men.—In men, muscular development can be obtained to a greater or lesser extent, as desired. This matter is fully dealt with in this number of the Sandow Library.

Vol. 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.—Mr. Sandow earnestly and cordially recommends all parents who have their children's future welfare at heart to obtain a copy of this volume.

Vol. 22. Figure Culture for Women.—Every woman interested in the question of Figure and Beauty Culture should not hesitate to obtain this volume of Mr. Sandow's Health Library.

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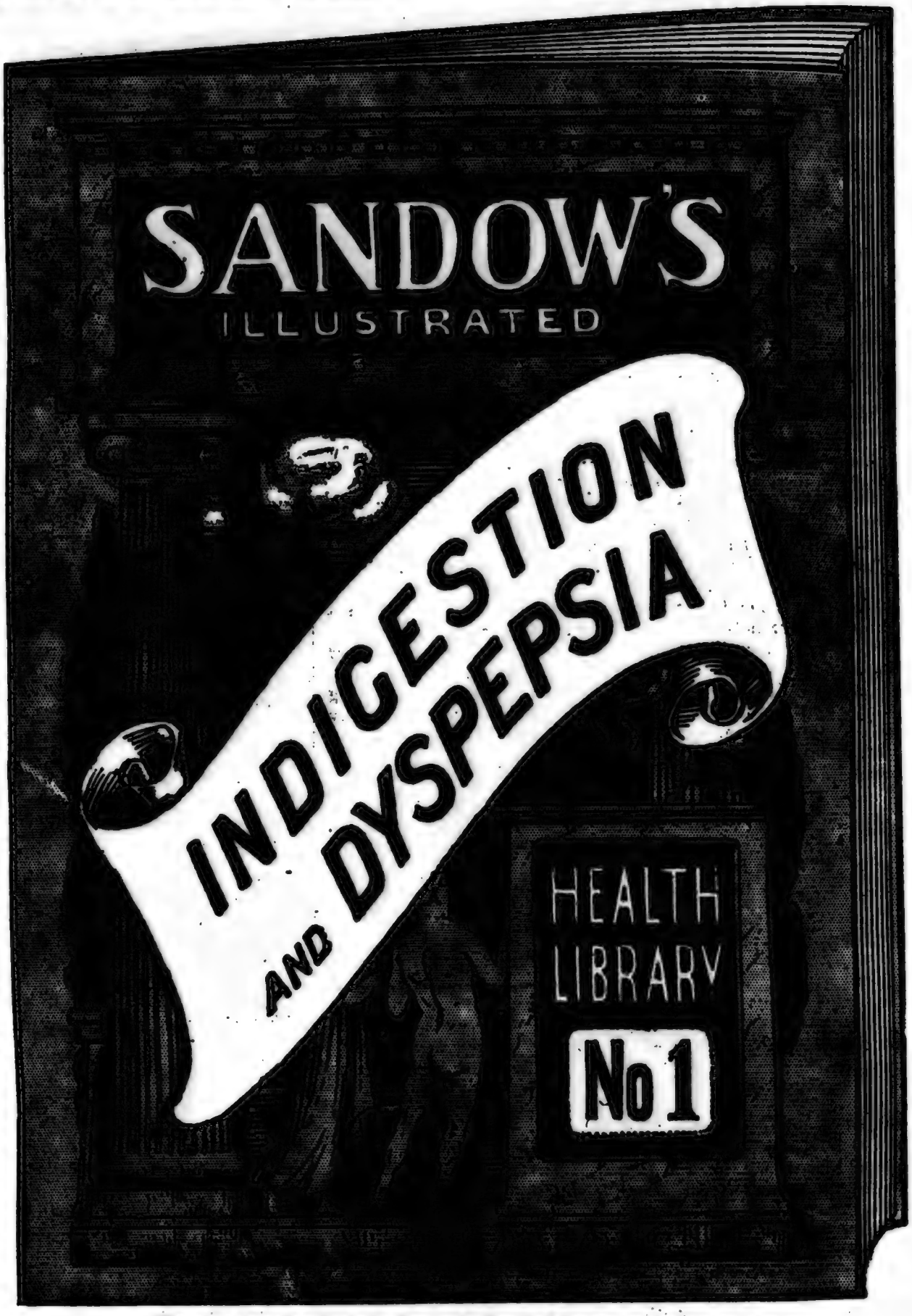

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OLD FATHER THAMES.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN—AND OTHERS.

By JOHN CARTER.

The little maid was very pretty, but she was not very wise; however, she had a kind heart, and that, as the poet says, is a greater thing than a coronet.

Now, this maid was wooed by a man who was unworthy. In polite society he would have been called a "rotter;" but as we are not in polite society, and moreover, as we have been taught to avoid using slang, we will not borrow that word.

But, to get on with this little story. This young man and this sweet maid were to be married,—and it will be well to let you know that she loved him as the apple of her eye. And they used to go together along the quiet lanes and through the shady woods, and would talk, or walk along silently, just as they chose. And, oh! she was so happy!

For how was she to know that he had one wife already?

And you may be sure that he did not mention *her;* he had got out of mentioning her soon after they were married, probably because he knew it was bad form to talk of oneself or one's belongings. And daily his love for the little maid with the soft eyes grew and grew, and he could not sleep for thinking of her.

And he used to call her his Marguerite, and he sang the most lovely songs she had ever heard, and he made her love him so that she was not a bit happy when he was away. And she thought she could not love him any more. Fancy her loving him the least little bit!—but, my children, you have to learn that a woman does not love a man because he's good, but just because she loves him.

At last the wedding day came, but it wasn't a proper wedding at all, for they went to a man called a Registrar, who asked them questions and who seemed to be thinking of something else all the time; and then they came away and settled down.

And now I am coming to the most beautiful part of my tale.

One fine morning the little maid found a dear little baby in her bed. God had sent it. And the maid thought that she would have her breakfast in bed so that she might play with the little boy. And she took great care that the toast crumbs did not stick into his little back—you know what I mean; and the more you try to brush them away the more they seem to jump back again. But I hope you never have your breakfast in bed except when you are poorly.

Well, she liked the baby so much that she stayed in bed several days to play with him, and she was always taking a peep at him, even waking at night for just one more peep. She thought her baby was a miracle, and she could never understand why the person who let her have the room was not always wanting to love him too.

And now you will be wondering why I do not mention the "Father." Well, soon after they were married he was called away on very important business. You know what that is—most fathers have it, and it always has to be seen to at once. Well, the father had never returned, and she was worried, fearing that he might be lying ill and calling for her, and she cried nearly all the time.

But the father wasn't ill, and he wasn't dead; but you will be surprised when I tell you what *had* become of him. He had always had a bad memory; he was not very old before he forgot his mother's birthday (a thing I trust you will never do), and all through his life this poor father had been troubled with forgetting things.

And if ever he did remember the maid, he forgot the next moment, just as if a little door in his head had shut up again. But the maid did not know, and she wanted to show him her baby. And she kept on wanting to show it to him, more and more, and at last she set off to London to find him. London is not a very big place when you know your way about; but she didn't. But, bless you, that didn't stop her, nor did the person she had lodged with. You see, the little mother hadn't any money left.

So she set off to walk to London, but had not gone far when it began to rain and she went into a farm-yard to shelter. And the kind farmer gave her some food and spoke nicely to her, because she was very beautiful. But she would not stay any longer than the shower did, and when it was over she turned down the road to London. When it was dark she carried her baby into a field and made a nice soft bed between two stacks of hay, and soon the baby went to sleep, and she was quite happy watching the stars peeping over the tops of the hay stacks. One of the big, strong stars seemed to be beckoning her, and she pretended it was Harry, and she wanted to get up at once and run all the way to London. But, you see, she would have had to wake the baby, and that would never do. So at last she went to sleep, too.

In the morning she felt hungry, and remembered that she had had nothing since the kind farmer gave her her dinner. But the baby got his breakfast. She saw to that.

And they went along like this for three days more, and she began to feel very tired—like you do after you have been for a very long walk, and played about till you want to go to bed, and then found that you have to walk all the way home again, and she felt she couldn't drag another step.

It seemed to be no use trying to get to Harry, but she comforted herself by hugging and kissing that happy, fat little baby, and trudged along again.

At last she came to a river, and instead of going right across the bridge, she stopped in the middle and watched the water rushing past. The baby gurgled almost as noisily as the water, and the maid took a long look at him, and then rubbed her hand across her brow as if she didn't know what to do. Then she kissed him ever so many times, and holding him very tight, she slipped down into the water.

You see, she guessed that the river ran all the way to London, and she thought she would let Old Father Thames take her there.

"WHATS COMING."

They say the *Springtime's* coming, when the dickey birds make love,
They'll all be seeking nestmates, from the Eagle to the dove;
They say a *good time's* coming, when this Government goes out,
But politics are ticklish things to prophesy about.

They say *Invasion's* coming, from the jealous Teuton race,
And Britain, on the ocean, will descend to second place;
They say *Conscription's* coming, to defend our threatened strand,
And soldiering will take the place of football in the land.

They say *Protection's* coming, and the next Election's near;
They say the *Veto's* coming, and the Lords will disappear;
They say the pubs. will be extinct, much sooner than we think,
And every man must brew his own, or go without his drink.

They say that *Home Rule's* coming, though its advent be concealed;
That *Arctic weather's* coming, when this isle will be congealed;
That *flying taximeters* soon are coming on the ranks,
And *Socialism's* coming, to divide what's in the banks.

They say a *great Awakening* is coming, long delayed,
To this, that England's Naval wants have not been duly weighed;
That National security's a feather in the scale
When party needs, and social greeds, and zealots' fads prevail.

They say the wrath of Britain's sons is rising, and will burst
About the heads of partisans, who keep their crotchets first,
And waves of indignation, sweeping high, will overwhelm
The pilots who ignore the storm, and quarrel at the helm.

Lord Kitchener is coming back from India, they say,
So let us hope most fervently he's coming back to *stay*.
A tolerable tangle in the Army world he'll find.
We sorely need his organising skill and master mind.

All sorts of things seem coming, which will make Creation hum;
They even say our youths will love the rolling of the drum;
But 'midst these various comings, be they quick or slow or stopped,
Let's pray that *Ministerial* SHORT-*comings* may be dropped.

ALIPH CHEEM.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Lord Egerton of Tatton, Tatton Park, Knutsford, Cheshire.

MY DEAR LORD,—Among your manifold earthly possessions is the charming little village of Rostherne, near Manchester. So charming is it that hundreds of visitors, orderly, peaceable and law-respecting citizens, are attracted to it in the week-ends of the summer months, delighting in the picturesque walks abounding in its neighbourhood, filling their hearts with gladness and their lungs with a purer air than that they breathe in the toil and moil and the hustle and grind of their working lives beneath the smoke of the great factory chimneys. And having rambled and tired, they have been accustomed to take tea and light refreshments at the houses of the cottagers in the little village where your breath is a law against which none may protest or rebel save at his peril. Its people, for good or ill, are in the hollow of your hands. The closing of your fingers crushes them into impotence and silence You are the master and arbiter of their lives.

This being your relation to them as landlord and theirs to you as tenants, my dear lord, it is not difficult to account for what follows. The late Lord Egerton, your predecessor in title, seems to have uttered his will with some regard for the obligations attaching to his position. With your succession a few weeks ago the grip upon the cottagers was tightened. No public-house or any other place of refreshment has ever been allowed in the village, save that the villagers have added to their small wages earned on your estate by providing teas to summer visitors, or have depended for their living wholly upon that privilege. But a few days ago you sent to each of them a notice setting forth your commands and requirements. "Lord Egerton of Tatton," it said, "will not permit any cottagers to receive any person whatsoever into their cottages for the purpose of the sale or consumption of any refreshment. Any cottager infringing this rule will get instant notice to quit."

Henceforth, should a cottager serve a cup of tea or a plate of bread-and-butter to any visitor enamoured of the natural charms of Rostherne, you will turn him out of his home. The exercise of your right here, my dear lord, is the exercise of a tyranny. Your notice is the decree of a despot. If in the ensuing debates on the land proposals of the Budget, Mr. Lloyd George should stand in need of example and illustration, I shall not be surprised if he seeks and finds them in you. Stand against Socialism and all it means as we will, my dear lord, it is you, and such as you, who make the torrent run fast. Therefore shall we sing a psalm of thanksgiving. The earth is the landlord's and the fulness thereof. He is merciful and gracious and giveth good things. He taketh the everlasting hills for his own, and the valleys bring him fatness. The green pastures are his also; the rivers rejoice in his governance and the shores of the sea sing the praises of his name. He setteth up the dwellings of men and holdeth the people for tribute that they may rejoice in his inheritance.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, Home Secretary.

SIR,—I have the honour to direct your immediate attention to a case which recently discredited and brought contempt on the administration of justice at the Cambridge Police Court, the magistrates being Mr. W. B. Redfern, the chairman, Mr. P. H. Young and Mr. G. Smith. The facts are that two girls, Linda Wilkin, 17 years of age, and Maud Clark, aged 18, charged with stealing flowers from gardens, pleaded guilty. The police having valued the stolen flowers at fourpence, "the magistrates came unanimously to the conclusion" that Wilkin should go to prison for twelve months, six months for each offence, and Clark for six months. "It seemed," said the chairman, "to be the only means of rescuing these girls from what they were doing by being stringent with them."

Sir, I will not stigmatise these monstrous sentences further than to say that they are a disgrace to the magistrates who inflicted them. Justice would for ever be ashamed to look in the face of humanity if they were allowed to stand. With confidence I look to you as His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Home Affairs to release these girls without delay, as they have already suffered more than adequately for their offence. The greater the delay the greater the scandal and the shame.

JOHN BULL.

To D. V. Pirie, Esq., M.P., The Vineyard, Chateau de Varennes.

MY DEAR PIRIE,—Though I am not Scotch, I am much interested in your Temperance (Scotland) Bill. The general object of the Bill, I gather, is to enable a certain number of the Scots who still remain in Scotland to restrict a certain other number in their means of obtaining stimulating refreshment in those public places at present licensed for the sale thereof. Subject to the opinion of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, my dear Pirie, I am inclined to take the view that this is a joke for you, but not a joke for the licensed victuallers of Scotland. For there is a brand of champagne which I know by sight, though not by taste, bearing two labels printed in that style of French art so much admired by *connoisseurs* who can afford to quaff the nectar of the vineyards.

It would thus appear that you grow champagne, sell champagne, and probably drink champagne — Plantagenet Brand, I hope, if it is as delightful as the labels which recommend it to honours in the wine list. I take it that this explains why you have introduced into Parliament a Bill for restricting the consumption and sale of beer and spirits. It is your joke on the poor man. The rich ye have with you alway, and they do love a funny story. That your joke will be provocative of inextinguishable laughter and enduring smiles I cannot doubt. The object of this letter is to pass it along to the uttermost ends of the earth. Allow me, my dear Pirie, to express in conclusion the hope that you may live long to grow champagne and make a good thing of your Extra Dry; and if it should occasionally happen that the good men and true who rejoice in it should become extra wet—well, that will only be accidental and incidental to a beneficent traffic which cannot and ought not and must not be restrained, in that it gladdens the heart of the auriferous. But let the iniquitous traffic in beer and whisky be severely local-optioned, restricted, yea, even destroyed, for you neither brew the one nor distil the other.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. D. M. Cready, St. Bartholomew's, Salford.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to engage more frequently than is pleasant in the somewhat thankless task of calling members of your cloth over the coals for various exhibitions of cant and bigotry. It is therefore the greater pleasure to express my admiration of the good sense with which you appear to discharge the duties of your parish. The other day, for example, you had a service for the publicans of your district and their friends, and preached an eminently practical sermon. You said, "Intemperance is a great evil. But this is not the fault of the man who made or sold the beer, wine, or whisky, but of the poor intemperate individuals who have neither the strength nor the sense to fight against their own weakness." Them's my sentiments. I hope the licensed victuallers will heartily respond to your invitation to co-operate in preventing intemperance. If more of the clergy entertained your moderate and sensible opinions, the Church would not be so often looked upon by the Man in the Street as a kill-joy institution.

JOHN BULL.

Edward Rex, Buckingham Palace, London.

Welcome home. Troublous political times abroad, and we shall want you.

BULL.

Canon Willink, Vicar of Yarmouth.

Learn with surprise your "intense annoyance and mortification" that you have pay income tax on profits parish magazine. Why not? Know several magazines which would be only too glad to.

BULL.

Daly, Secretary Amalgamated Society Tailors and Tailoresses, London.

Have noticed your withdrawal between 600 and 700 tailors from West End firms. All very well to strike while iron hot, but you've given employers the needle, and they won't cotton to it. Think you'll be worsted?

BULL.

Pearce, Solicitor's Department, Treasury.

Congratulations on your appointment as Supreme Court of Criminal Appeal, vide Cardiff clergyman's case. Presume this is the official recognition of your efforts in *Rex v. Bottomley*.

BULL.

"AND THE VERDICT WAS—!"

(Lord Charles Beresford's allegations as to the state of the Navy are being investigated by a tribunal consisting of five leading members of the Cabinet, whose conduct is arraigned.)

JOHN BULL: "I don't doubt you have a good case, Lord Charles, but I'm afraid you'll find it a difficult job to convince the judges and the jury that the defendants are guilty."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than the Friday preceding the week of publication.*

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, LIMITED.

British Tradesmen and Yankee Methods.

Our attention has been directed to the affairs of this company, which leave much to be desired. Many of our readers know the company by name, and its machines. In the United States the parent company, started some twenty-seven years ago, has been a gigantic success, and here, too, the British company has done an immense business on very profitable terms. The American company was founded by John H. Patterson and his brother Frank at Dayton, Ohio. Frank Patterson is now dead, and the business is under the sole control of John H. Patterson, who has been drawing a very comfortable salary of $144,000 a year, together with travelling expenses of unlimited amount. Since the English company began its operations it has sold something like 130,000 machines at prices ranging from twelve guineas to 140 guineas. These machines were sold on the specific assurance of the company that the price should never be reduced. At the school in Tottenham Court Road, where the agents of the company are taught what they have to say and do whilst in its employment, this was one of the statements they were instructed to make to every customer, and the company offered a reward of £20 to anyone who could get a machine from any agent, or from the head office, at less than the list price then in force. In this way the shopkeeper was taught to believe that although he might pay a very heavy sum for his machine, yet he could always sell it for a considerable percentage of what it cost. Depreciation was reckoned at 5 per cent. per annum, so that assuming he used it for several years, he would still be able to get something substantial for it if he wished to get rid of it.

But of late a great change has come over the management of the company. Some four years ago Mr. Patterson was over here in search of health, and he engaged a man named Palmer—Charles Palmer—as a sort of valet to look after him, massage, and so on. This man Palmer was at the time engaged at the Sandow Institute, where, as we are informed, he was earning 27s. 6d. per week. Be that as it may, Mr. Patterson engaged him at 35s. per week. At that time Mr. Patterson had with him a physician named Van Someran. Mr. Patterson, Dr. Van Someran, and the man Palmer went for a riding tour through England, and soon afterwards the doctor suddenly resigned his appointment. From that time onwards the influence of Palmer, a rough East-ender, at one time a private in the Artillery, has grown, until of late Mr. Patterson has been under his complete domination. Last June, Palmer was made assistant manager of the British company, and in August managing director—a position he still holds. Since he has been managing director he has completely revolutionised the working of the company. He has got rid of all its agents, and has greatly reduced the selling price of the machines. What this means to the British shopkeeper who has bought his machines at the old rates and thought that in them he had a valuable property, will be understood. Most of the machines sold at the high prices we have named were sold on the instalment system, and many shopkeepers have still considerable payments to make at the old rate, whilst their rivals are able to get new machines at something like one-third of the cost, or even less, which had to be paid a year ago. The company has cynically violated its undertaking to the many thousands of shopkeepers who have bought its machines, and they must be conscious of it, for where pressure has been brought to bear and legal proceedings threatened, they have paid back the balance between the old price and the new.

It need hardly be said that the agents who did so much to work up the business, and who now find themselves out of employment, are very sore about their treatment, and they complain, many of them, that they can get no settlement of their accounts. They are simply ignored. Our advice to them is not to delay taking action, for the British company has few assets that can be made available for the payment of its debts. Our advice to the thousands of British shopkeepers who are sore at their treatment by the company, and who still have instalments of their purchase money to pay, is to refuse to pay them, and let the company try to enforce its claims in the courts.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

A Sound Parent Company.

We venture to predict that a very active market for some time to come will be in rubber shares, and investors will be well advised in turning their attention to this department. Everyone can see the immensely increasing daily demand there is for rubber, and consequently the increasing dividends which must accrue to sound rubber companies. The difficulty lies in the selection of the company in which to invest, and we are frequently appealed to for guidance. All we can say is that an investment in a company which thoroughly knows the prospects of the various concerns, and does not depend upon any one special property for its dividend, is likely to be the safest and most profitable. The Rubber Exploration Company, for example, whose £1 fully-paid shares stand at about par, appears to us to be one of the most suitable investments in this particular market. With a Board constituted of business men of good reputation, and with facilities for knowing all that is going on, its shares would appear to represent, at their present price, an attractive investment, and at the same time to constitute an insurance against the "wild cat" danger.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Hungarian Lotteries.—G. A. (Glasgow).—You say that you sent a P.O. for 10s. to these people, of which you had no acknowledgment, and you have received no lottery ticket. You ask what you should do. We should first ascertain whether the postal order has been paid, which you could do on enquiry at the Post Office. For the rest, we really do not know what there is to do except to write again. One of the many drawbacks of dealing with these foreign people is that you can put no sort of pressure on them if they do not play straight.

Lipton's Ordinary.—L. B. (Shepherd's Bush).—(1) We do not anticipate much change in the price at present, but the share represents a fair speculative investment. (2) Hope Bros. have been doing better again.

Bovril Australian Estates.—Aspley (Acton).—We think these shares represent a somewhat promising speculative investment.

The Investment Registry, Ltd.—Cioma (Didcot).—We know nothing against it.

The Stock Market News Agency.—T. W. H. (Burnley).—Write them once more, and if with no result send us all the correspondence.

E. Carr and Son.—K. A. L. (Finsbury Park).—You want to know our opinion of this firm and "their method of attracting business." We should describe this method as childish, if we did not remember the incredible gullibility of a certain section of the British public. We assume you to be a man, let us say, of average intelligence, and what amazes us is that you, and others like you, can think it worth while to give a circular like the one you send us a moment's consideration. Let us quote a couple of sentences. "We"—viz., Messrs. Carr and Son, of 60, Haymarket, S.W.—"guarantee you to make 100 per cent. profit . . . that is, double any amount sent, viz.: turn 5s. into 10s., or £10 into £20. All we ask for is 10 per cent. on the profit made by you. . . . Let us have the cash in hand. . . . You stand no risk of loss." Do you really think that if Messrs. E. Carr and Son were able to turn 5s. into 10s., or £10 into £20, by dealings on the Stock Exchange, without risk of loss, that they would trouble to do this for you—a stranger to them—on a mere 10 per cent. commission? Why should they not do it for themselves, and so take the whole of the profit? And if sometimes they win and sometimes lose in Stock Exchange dealings—and not even Lord Rothschild could be certain of winning always—why should they put their hands into their pockets to pay your losses? The question only requires to be asked to be answered.

Three Shares.—J. McL. (Bishop Auckland).—We do not much like any one of them.

Anglo-Belgian (Sierra Leone) Corporation, Ltd.—J. R. (Kirkcaldy).—We should not like to use the language you have adopted, but we do not think the shares are inviting.

Philippine Plantation Company.—X. Y. Z. (Glasgow).—We should sell, if you have the opportunity. We are not in love with companies "incorporated under the laws of Arizona."

Status of Bank.—G. P. (Bournemouth).—We do not think there is any cause for uneasiness, but we always recommend the Birkbeck Bank for small accounts of the kind you describe.

Outside Brokers.—V. G. F. (Cambridge).—Better keep your £10. If you send it to the people named, you are not likely to see any of it again. R. C. D.—We do not understand your question. We are not aware of any intention on the part of Parliament to prohibit the business carried on by outside brokers, but, if you wish to deal on the Stock Exchange, you should do so through members of the House.

London Pure Milk Association.—E. A. C. (Fulham).—You have no option but to pay if you continue to hold the shares. Ignorant (Castle Hedingham).—We do not know what the official meant who told you that these shares cannot be sold. There is no market for them, and they are not quoted, but, so far as we know, they can be sold if anybody will buy them. Why not ask the secretary to explain himself?

Boots' Preference.—W. C. (Wednesbury).—We think them a fairly promising speculative purchase.

Iredale and Company.—F. M. M. (Upper Clapton).—We are obliged to you for the advertisement, which shows that Messrs. Iredale and Co. continue to frame alluring announcements.

Equitable House Property Company.—C. T. (Hull).—We know nothing to the contrary.

Various Shares.—F. B. (Leeds).—We see nothing attractive in any of them.

Two Shares.—A. F. L. (Bristol).—We hardly think so.

Government and Municipal Securities Corporation.—J. F. L. (Leeds).—We have nothing to add to or take from our advice as given to "G. E. G. (Gateshead-on-Tyne)" in our issue of April 10th.

Option Dealing.—Glencoe (Crieff).—We do not recommend dealers in options.

Lloyd Etlinger and Company.—W. H. D. (Belfast).—We have no information.

Paris and London Bank.—J. J. B. (Bayswater).—We cannot help you to trace these people.

Chapman, Davey and Gallie, Ltd.—E. C. R. (Brighton).—We think you had better hold your preference shares. This business must not be judged by the last six months' result, as throughout the advertising world generally business has not been good, but there is a decided tendency to improve all round.

POTTERIES ELECTRIC TRACTION COMPANY.—Z. Z. (East Dulwich).—We will look into the matter, and refer to it again next week.

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSIT.—G. B. (Highbury).—There was nothing in our article to which you refer to lead you or anybody to suppose that the deposits in the Savings Banks are not absolutely safe. These deposits are guaranteed by the Government of the country, and unless, and until, the country is bankrupt they are absolutely safe. A. H. (Brighton).—See previous answer.

MONEYLENDING.—CURIOUS (Southsea).—It is impossible for us to advise you as to what interest you should charge as a moneylender. Much, of course, depends upon the character of the security offered.

THE UNITED REALISATION COMPANY.—J. H. G. (Southampton).—(1) We will look into the matter. (2) We cannot advise you to invest in any of the shares you name.

W. HILL AND SON.—ONE INTERESTED (London).—We agree. It is a miserable position.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—G. E. (Wandsworth).—Our advice to you is not to buy any more.

PREMIUM BONDS.—R. C. (Cork).—Better not. REX (Exeter).—We cannot recommend you to purchase Premium Bonds from the people you name on the combination or any other system.

WESTBOURNE PARK BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. C. (Dalston).—It is a very respectable society. We note that in a second-class carriage in which you were travelling on Saturday you saw four people reading JOHN BULL. That is as it should be.

NATIONAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.—F. H. (Ravenscourt Park).—We see no advantage in selling out at the present time. The terms upon which the Government will take over the concern are known, and the position of the company when the time comes for its dissolution is not likely to be less strong than the present expectation of it.

MEASURES BROS.—T. B. H. (Trefnant).—Inquiry is much needed, but, as to who is to conduct it, that would surely be a matter of discussion with the Board of Trade, who presumably are not tied to any particular firm.

TWO BANKS.—ANXIOUS (Bermondsey).—There is not much to choose between them, but, of the two, we should prefer Farrow's Bank.

CONSOLIDATED LANGLAAGTE MINES.—PARK VILLA (Harringay).—We should be inclined to get out of them.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE INSURANCE CO.—L. M. B. (Bucklersbury).—We have made enquiry into the matter of your complaint, and find that the facts are not as stated. You say that the three premiums were paid to the Company, but we have satisfied ourselves that this was not so. The proposal was dated 11th June, 1908. The policy was issued on the 19th June, when one payment had been made. No further payment was received, and so the policy lapsed. In these circumstances no blame can attach to the Company. G. M. (London).—Our advice to you is to keep up your payments. You may rely upon the Company carrying out its engagements. T. H. C. (Brixton Hill).—See previous answer F. T. (Kingsland).—Ditto. F. M. C. (Holloway).—Ditto.

INSURABLE INTEREST.—THISTLE (Bath).—If the facts are as you state them, your claim would seem to be a good one.

BAD LIVES.—TAYSIDE (Newport-on-the-Tay).—With reference to your question of last week as to a Company that would insure your invalid son at rates not prohibitive, we may mention that the Century Insurance Co. issue policies in cases like yours under their "Pure Endowment Scheme." For example, a man aged 30 takes out a policy payable at 60 for £500, premium £10 7s. 6d., and in the event of the insured dying before attaining the age of 60, all monies received by the Company will be returned. This Company has again what it calls its Double Endowment Policy issued at ordinary rates, but a debt is attached to the policy, and on its maturing the debt is wiped off, and the insured ranks as an ordinary policy-holder, and gets the same benefits. The Sceptre Life Association has also a scheme, which it describes as an equitable method of insuring second class lives. The Association does not insist upon payment of an extra premium, but will accept the ordinary rate on condition that, if the assured dies previously to the age to which as a first-class life he might be expected to live, an equivalent deduction be made for the amount assured, the deduction decreasing every year the assured lives.

THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—F. B. (Lancaster).—We certainly think you had much better not have anything to do with this concern. It offers in return for an entrance fee of 1s. and a monthly premium of 1s., 15s. a week for 26 weeks for sickness, £10 on death (any cause), and £100 at death caused by accident to passenger train, steamer, tram, omnibus, cab, or any public vehicle. We do not think that any Company can profitably offer these advantages for the fees named, and the National Co-operative Sick and Accident Assurance Society has no large funds to fall back upon as is the case with some of the great Industrial Offices who have gone in for sickness and accident assurance, and have made heavy losses thereby. Our contemporary, the *British Underwriter*, has taken the trouble to look up the file of the Company at Somerset House, and finds that the concern was registered as a private Company, without Articles of Association, on the 28th March, 1908, with a nominal capital of £1,000, in £1 shares. A balance-sheet filed on 28th May, 1908, shows receipts £173, and the expenditure £170 3s., so that at that date the Company had a cash balance in hand of £2 17s. A later form, filed on 15th June, 1908, shows the same number of shares, 279 subscribed and £223 paid. Yet this Company has taken power to transact all sorts of insurance business, except life assurance and workmen's compensation business. We should like to know how the Board of Trade just ifies its insistence, in the case of the Welsh Corporation, of a deposit of £20,000 before it would allow them to give death benefits in fatal accidents, on the ground that such benefits brought them within the scope of the Life Assurance Companies Act, but allows concerns like the National Co-operative Sick and Accident Assurance Society to offer "death benefits, any cause," without making a deposit of any kind.

ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE CO.—CAMZO (West Hartlepool).—We cannot, of course, say what this Company will do in circumstances that have not arisen, but we have no reason whatever to suppose that they would take up the attitude we have been condemning of late in connection with one or two other Insurance Companies, namely, of accepting premiums upon policies illegally issued, and then relying upon the illegality to escape payment of obligation accruing. The Company, as you no doubt know, was established some 26 years ago, its distinctive feature being a system of properly apportioned abatements to give abstainers, whose longevity was asserted to be greater than that of the general public, any equivalent reduction to the premiums charged. It is claimed for the Company that its tables for with profit assurances for abstainers approximate to the non-profit rates of many Companies.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE ASSURANCE CO.—G. W. B.—Certainly it would be "a safe thing" for you to effect an Endowment Assurance with this Company, which is one of the most important Insurance Companies in the Kingdom, and deservedly enjoys a high reputation for financial strength and liberal terms to its policy-holders.

NON-ADVERTISING INSURANCE COMPANIES.—W. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Yes, there are several Insurance Companies which do not advertise, anyway, to any appreciable extent, and some who do not even pay commissions. For example, the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of Mansion House Street, E.C., and the London Life Association, Ltd., of 81, King William Street, E.C. The former Society is the eldest of the four Mutual Non-commission paying British Offices, and both the Society and the Association are of the highest standing in the Insurance world. Indeed, the career of the Equitable may be described as unique.

CREDIT INSURANCE.—C. E. P. Y. (London).—In addition to the Excess Insurance Co., which shares the risk of credit to approved customers, the Company being willing to take from half to two-thirds of the amount at risk, the Ocean Accident and Guarantee insure against "excessive bad debt," and the Premier against "consequential loss."

THE UNIVERSAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO., LTD.—W. A. B. (Manchester).—The business done by the Company—a Leeds concern—is Ordinary and Industrial Life. It was incorporated as far back as 1866, with an authorised capital of £250,000 subscribed and £100,000 paid up. It has a large number of branches. We do not know of any special advantages it offers, and indeed, the available information about it is meagre.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA CORPORATION.—A. W. B. (London).—We think well of its prospectus.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—JUNIOR CLERK (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—It is one of the greatest of the insurance companies.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. A. C. (Leeds).—The company are within their right in refusing to renew your policy upon the old terms, but they are liable for the contract it represents during the period that the running premium covers. We return your policy and letters. A. G. W. (Norwich).—You ask whether the company have the right to increase single benefit premiums by 6d. and double benefit premiums by 1s., or, in the alternative, to reduce the benefits derived from payments on the present scale by 20 per cent. The company are within their right in saying that, if you do not agree to these conditions, your policy will not be renewed. H. J. B. (Cardiff).—Ditto.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—DOUBTFUL.—We fear that you would find it very difficult, indeed impossible, to obtain a return of your subscriptions, and, in the circumstances, we should agree to the transfer.

UNITED LONDON AND SCOTTISH INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. G. (Aberdeen).—It is a non-tariff office, with an authorised capital of £300,000, of which £125,000 is subscribed and £25,000 paid up. We are not quite in agreement with your friend on the point he raises.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. P. B. (Aston Manor).—In the circumstances we should keep up the policy. You need have no fear as to the solvency of the company.

HEARTS OF OAK LIFE AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. L. (Manchester).—The company, as you probably know, is a young one, having been established in 1903. No valuation has yet been made, and consequently no bonuses have yet been allotted.

TEMPLE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—MINORU (London).—We note that the secretary refuses to give any adequate reply to an inquiry as to why the call upon unpaid capital has been made. We agree that the directorate does not inspire great confidence, and that inquiry into the affairs of the company by a competent and independent actuary is very desirable.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—E. P. (Kennington).—It is a young company, only having been established in 1906. Its authorised capital is £100,000, subscribed £42,172, paid-up £18,730. It may reassure you to know that the solicitors are Messrs. Lloyd George, Roberts and Co.

UNITED TRADES AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—ROYAL (Wigan).—It is a new company, established last year—non-tariff—doing all classes of business except life. The authorised capital is £100,000, of which £35,000 has been subscribed and £1,000 paid up. The head office is in Manchester.

THE BRITISH MUTUAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—J. H. H. (Catford).—This company was established only last year. You say that you were insured with the association to cover accidents, that on Boxing Day last, whilst driving a cab, you collided with a motor-car, and received injuries which incapacitated you from work until the beginning of last month; that, when you had been in bed a little over a week, the doctor ordered you to take about an hour's exercise every fine day about noon, but on no account to work, and that the company now offer you one day's compensation, on the ground that they do not pay for the first seven days after the accident, and that you were out of doors on the ninth day. On reference to the conditions marked on your policy, we find it stated that "no benefit will be payable in respect to the first seven days of illness, nor in respect of any sickness or accident which does not cause total incapacitation and confinement to the house." These conditions would seem to cover their refusal to pay you more than one day's compensation, since "total confinement to the house" would, we take it, prevent your going outside of it. We do not think any properly managed company would insist upon that rendering of the condition, but the question for you is whether the law would do so. We advise you to insure in future with a company that interprets its obligations differently. We return your papers.

MARINE AND GENERAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—R. A. S. (Liscard).—(1) It is a company of high standing, and you need have no fear of any sort or kind about it. (2) The list of investments you give us is a very good one.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM COMPANY.—A. B. W. (Walton-on-Thames).—The question is whether it is better to wind up the company or transfer it to the National Standard Company. We are under the impression that, on the whole, the latter course is the most desirable, but we advise you to read the report of the recent meeting, where the opposite course was urged with considerable force.

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—HUKEEM (Preston).—With reference to the rate we gave you in our reply, in JOHN BULL of May 1st, as to the annuity you might expect for every £100 invested at the age of 77 if you dealt with the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, the manager writes to us to say that we were in error in putting it at "a trifle over £15," the true rate being, if paid annually, £17 0s. 10d.; if paid half-yearly, £16 6s. 10d.; and, if payable quarterly, £15 18s. 10d.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—A. H. D. (Maidstone).—No.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—CONSTANT READER (Leeds).—We cannot possibly advise you unless you give us the full particulars of your case, which you have not done.

PROVIDENT FREE HOMES ASSOCIATION.—H. M. (Plumstead).—If you are satisfied with the conditions, there is no reason whatever why you should not deal with the association, which is financially strong.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—CONSTANT READER (Birmingham).—We do not.

THE PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. E. (Ponty Clun).—We should be inclined to accept the company's offer of a return of all the premiums, but we are not in a position to advise you. It is a matter upon which you should consult a solicitor.

SCOTTISH LEGAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—CLACH (Inverness).—Yes, certainly its business is steadily growing, and its assurance and sick fund, exclusive of paid-up capital, amounts to £767,073.

NEW YORK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. W. G. (Nottingham).—It is difficult to advise you in the matter, the performance of the company falling so very far short of the promise, but, on the whole, we are disposed to advise you to continue your payments. There is no doubt about the solvency of the company. We return your demand note. As to Co-Partnership, Ltd., we should not recommend the suggested transaction.

THE SELF-HELP INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—COLLIER (Abercynon).—We regret that we are unable to give you any information respecting this concern.

IRISH PROVIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. C. (Salford).—As you are so near the time of maturity, we should continue to pay.

EXCELSIOR SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—W. C. E. (Wimbledon).—We have no information respecting its standing.

ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—P. D. (Dowlais).—The answer is in the affirmative.

THE VERY LATEST COMPETITION.

WHEN THE SMILING ACTRESS SHOWS HER TEETH.

By Richard Morton.

We have the privilege of announcing that quite a unique competition is now being organised by our strenuous and remarkably wideawake contemporary, the *Daily Sparkler*. In these days of slavish imitation, anything really new is refreshingly welcome, and this contest, although designed on familiar lines as regards entrance and entrance fees, possesses many startling features that are entirely its own.

And yet the scheme is so delightfully simple that it is a wonder nobody thought of it before. Of course it is bound to be copied at once by other journals of less originality, but that fate is common to every enterprise that bears the brand of genius. Still, the *Daily Sparkler* intends to be first in the field, and that is why we are permitted to make this exclusive preliminary announcement on its behalf.

We quote from an unpublished prospectus of the idea as printed in proof, and as it may—or may not—one of these days appear in the columns of our thriving contemporary. It is written, as will be noticed, in the most approved style of the up-to-date journalist, and comes from the alluring pen of the smartest and youngest of sub-editors.

Not to keep our own readers any longer in suspense, here it is :—

SOMETHING NEW IN COMPETITIONS.—WHOSE TEETH ARE THESE?

Our clever readers will have noticed that our most gifted actresses invariably make a wonderful display of their teeth when being photographed. You cannot pick up a picture postcard of a famous actress, especially when the lady is a musical comedy star, without exclaiming, "What a sweet smile! And oh, what lovely teeth!"

It is always the same smile. And generally the same teeth.

This has given your Editor, who is always plotting for your moral and intellectual improvement, a bright idea for a new competition. Every week we propose to publish the postcard smile of six leading actresses. Only the lips and the teeth will be shown, and we invite our readers to guess in each instance the name of the lady to whom the teeth belong.

Special Note.—It is assumed in every case that the teeth have been paid for. Possession of the set, and their appearance in the centre of the smile, are to be taken as *prima facie* evidence of ownership. At the same time the Editor desires to state that he disclaims any responsibility in the matter.

This is the essence of this wonderful new competition. We want you to tell us

WHICH TEETH ARE WHOSE?

It ought to be quite easy for smart readers to identify each picture, for the teeth of these popular ladies are familiar to all. You are, however, at liberty to ask your friends when in doubt. Do not write the name of Miss Ellaline Terriss beneath the molars of Miss Gertie Millar. Consult some authority who knows, such as a member of the Playgoers' Club.

To add variety to the contest and to make it slightly more difficult, we have decided now and then to introduce a set of teeth not really belonging to any pet of the stage, but taken from realistic photographs of other human beings, or even animals. For instance, you may find, one week, that we have included the teeth of Mr. Johnson, the champion boxer, Mr. Winston Churchill—who does show his teeth occasionally—of ex-President Roosevelt, or of a gorilla, wolf, chimpanzee, Cheshire cat, or laughing jackass. If you are in doubt as to a set, and think it does not belong to an actress, mark it with a cross instead of writing the name.

All you have to do is to write under each picture the name of the lady whose teeth you think they are. Send the entire coupon, together with a sixpenny postal order for each complete set—of pictures, not of teeth, some of which may necessarily be incomplete—to us. Our decision must be final.

Important Note.—Dental surgeons or their assistants employed in the manufacture of any one tooth or more in the pictured sets, are debarred from entering this competition.

A
Message *to* Smokers of High Grade Cigarettes *from* Sandorides, Ltd.

NO INCREASE in PRICE. The same "LUCANA" value!

NO LOWERING of QUALITY. The same "LUCANA" standard!

NO TAMPERING with WEIGHT. The same "LUCANA" size!

"SANDORIDES LUCANA" CIGARETTES

Same Size—Same Quality—Same Price

HIGHEST GRADE VIRGINIA
CODE LV

100	50	20
4/9	2/6	1/-

CHOICEST EGYPTIAN BLEND
CODE EB
Packed in Cedarwood Boxes.

100	50	25
6/-	3/-	1/6

SPECIALLY SELECTED TURKISH
(Cork Tipped).
CODE LC

100	50	25
8/-	4/-	2/-

Sold by Leading Tobacconists Everywhere
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LIMITED,
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LONDON,
W.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

LAWYERS AND LIBEL ACTIONS.

One of our readers has a complaint against the Libel Law. Having disagreed with our suggestion that the preliminary hearing of criminal cases by magistrates may be a waste of time, he goes on to urge that the plaintiff in a libel action should be called upon at once to prove that he has a *prima facie* case, "before he is allowed to file his statement of claim." Not only any newspaper, but any private citizen who has felt it his duty to say something about another in the way of business warning or otherwise, is at the mercy of the first speculative attorney and of any rascal who cares to consult him. "Both classes," we are assured, "trade upon the busy or nervous man. For a few shillings they can issue a writ. This necessitates his putting in an appearance. Thereafter, if he is not to be bluffed, probably the case is carried no further. But the off-chance that it may be continued is almost certain to cost the defendant a considerable sum in the collection of evidence, the making of inquiries, the payment to solicitors and so on. If the statement of claim be duly filed, he must meet this by further outlay and waste of time. And in the end the case may be dropped, and he may be unable to get his costs. Even if at the outset he should know that the plaintiff is a man of straw and should seek security of costs, the plaintiff is given the alternative of setting down the case in the County Court. Would it not be best were all such cases entered by way of these lower Courts—where the fees of course are much smaller and might very well be abolished altogether or foregone in certain instances?" asks our correspondent.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The *Drapers' Record* falls foul of Mr. Collinson, of the Humanitarian League, and others who are agitating in favour of the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Our contemporary is very indignant at the mere suggestion that it is not a right and proper thing to send a man to jail if he does not pay his debts. "No man is thrown into prison," writes our contemporary, "who is able to prove that he does not possess the means to pay what is owing. It is only as a final resource that a committal order is granted." We are by no means as certain as our contemporary that imprisonment is confined to men who could pay their debts if they would. Our contemporary proceeds: "Why should the public be asked to encourage these people to evade payment of their just debts? A man who contracts debts without reasonable expectation of being able to pay them is deserving of no sympathy." Perhaps not, but our contemporary seems to forget that it was the intention of Parliament, when it dealt with the matter, to abolish imprisonment for debt, and that it is only certain County Court judges who do not agree with this abolition who have contrived to get round the Act, and to imprison upon the plea of contempt. "Abolish the power of imprisonment," writes the *Drapers' Record*, "and the dishonest debtor would live in clover for the remainder of his days." Surely that is nonsense. If imprisonment for debt were really abolished, the effect would be that credit that is given to people who ought not to ask for it, and would be much better without it, would be greatly curtailed to the advantage of all concerned.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

CUSTODY OF CHILDREN.—S. G. (Croydon).—The magistrate's order was within the law, and all you can do is to apply to him to vary it.

LOAN SECURITY.—FAIR.—The agreement is of no value as giving any charge over the furniture, as this can only be done by a bill of sale, which must be registered.

BILL OF SALE.—BELL.—Satisfaction can be entered at the office where the bill of sale was registered Unless it was agreed, you cannot compel the money-lender to register satisfaction. There is a small charge.

ADVERTISEMENT FRAUD.—BITTEN.—You should lay the matter before the police of the place where the advertiser lives. It is a bare-faced fraud.

GUARANTEE.—J. L. (Leeds).—The guarantee is one for the supply of goods up to the value of £10. The rest of the agreement relates to the accounts being subject to 2½ per cent., if paid monthly, and net if quarterly. So soon as goods to the value of £10 have been supplied and paid for the guarantee ends.

TRADE UNIONS.—WORKING MAN.—It seems to us that on your rules all the contributions to hospitals, etc., would be illegal.

MAINTENANCE OF CHILD (Southsea).—The facts must be placed before us in writing. We could not appoint an interview when you wrote us.

DEBENTURES.—A. E.—The debenture holders would not be liable to pay the arrears of wages.

FOOTBALL CLUB.—The landlord is entitled to retain any moneys as a set-off against your debt.

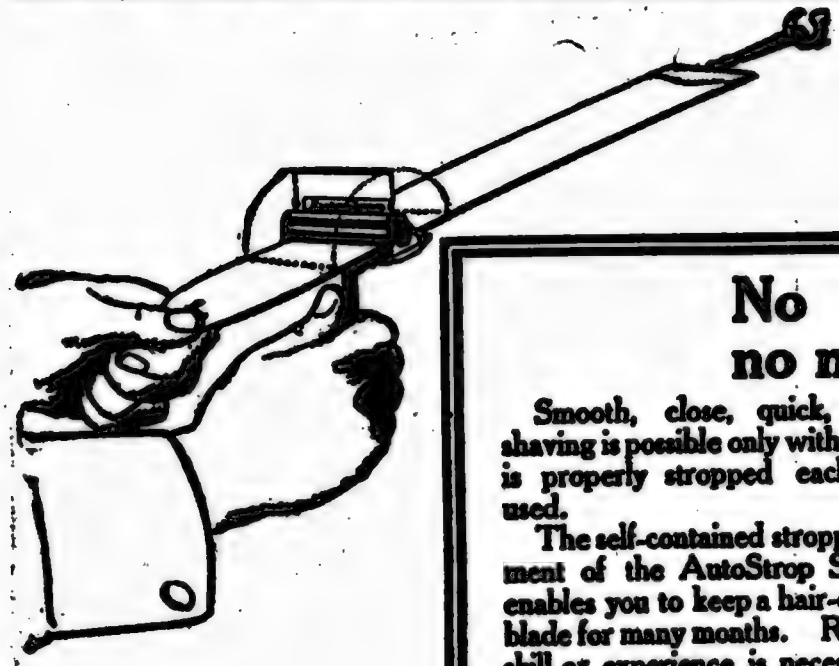
OLD AGE PENSION.—C. T. (Clapton).—The woman is disqualified for a pension, and the repayment of the relief will not remove the disqualification.

BREACH OF CONTRACT.—A. C. (Peckham).—If an employee breaks his contract with his employer he is liable to an action for damages, and the claim against him would not be limited to the wages in lieu of notice, but would extend to general damages.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BY INSTALMENTS.—JUSTUS (Tottenham).—You can be compelled to take the work according to the order you gave. Your best course is to get the firm to cancel it on your making a payment to them.

MONEY LEFT BY GRANDFATHER.—G. W. H. (Cardiff).—If there are no other descendants, the grandson takes the whole of the money. The deceased son's widow takes nothing.

LICENSING JUSTICES.—H. J. B.—The letter of the Lord of the Manor does not seem to be libellous, and we don't think that you would succeed in an action on it. You should not forget that you are in unlawful possession of it.



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No dull blades—and no need for new ones

Smooth, close, quick, comfortable shaving is possible only with a blade that is properly stropped each time it is used.

The self-contained stropping arrangement of the AutoStrop Safety Razor enables you to keep a hair-edge on each blade for many months. Remember, no skill or experience is necessary to keep AutoStrop blades in perfect condition. You also avoid the buying of new blades necessary with all non-stropping razors, and thus the AutoStrop Safety Razor pays for itself in a year. There is no handling of the blade or taking any thing apart for either stropping or cleaning. The AutoStrop Safety Razor is made in Great Britain.

Don't throw good blades away

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is sold by all good Cutlers, Ironmongers, Hairdressers, Chemists, Jewellers, and at the Stores.

Descriptive Booklet free on request. Address Dept. M.

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Also at Dublin & Paris

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Also at New York & Montreal

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

Alas! alas! I am afraid Whitsuntide holiday-makers will not have a very grand choice of new plays this year, for at so many of the leading theatres nothing but revivals are being contemplated, and within the last week or so over four big productions have had to own up to that disastrous word called "failure."

Well, at any rate, when John Bull spoke about them he told "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," prophesying the speedy change in the programme of "The Conquest," "Bevis," "Colonel Smith," and "The Noble Spaniard"; also a little bird tells me the intelligent masses are not besieging the doors of the Adelphi as impetuously as the management might desire; in fact, notwithstanding the additional interest created by Henry Hamilton's new ending to the play, people won't go to "The Devil."

At the St. James's George Alexander has had to fall back on Henri Bernstein's showy and artificial drama, "The Thief," first played in Paris by Madame Simone and Guitry—the actor who is to appear in a repertory next month at the Adelphi Theatre, and who, by the way, is stated in the *Daily Telegraph* to have been the original Coupeau in Emile Zola's "L'Assommoir."

No! no! dear Mr. Malcolm Watson, for, with all due apologies, I rather fancy it is you who have fallen into the error. M. Guitry only acted Coupeau during the last ten years at the Porte St. Martin; the original actor who appeared in this tragic character was Monsieur Gil-Naza, who played it at the old Ambigu Theatre, and when comparing the Frenchman's performance with that of poor Charles Warner, who but recently committed suicide during a run of this very "Drink" drama in New York, Francisque Sarçey, the late eminent Parisian critic, said:—"The actor who represented Coupeau struck me as having a great command of natural expression in the scenes of domestic life. His performance was altogether superior to that of M. Gil-Naza, the original representative of the character on the French stage."

Dumas pere at the Lyric and Lyceum.

I wonder how many among the audiences at the Lyric, whilst applauding Lewis Waller as the dashing D'Artagnan and the sympathetic Duke of Buckingham in Dumas' immortal "Three Musketeers," and the crowds thronging to the Lyceum to see this same great author's work, "The Man in the Iron Mask," have any idea of the terribly painful end which befell this wonderful writer of prose.

Just picture it, my friends, this once wealthy, worshipped and gifted creature—the brilliant Dumas père—being hawked around by a common lot of showmen in twopenny-halfpenny fairs, and prodded and laughed at by the curious multitude at four sous a head.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up; the greatest chance of your life. For twenty centimes you can not only see the famous Dumas, writer of the 'Three Musketeers,' 'Monte Cristo,' and scores of other novels, but he will talk to you, shake hands with you. Walk up! walk up! you won't get such an opportunity again. Twenty centimes only."

But alas! for poor Dumas, the opportunity did occur again and again, and for months in the winter of his life he was exhibited in shows for a penny or twopence at most, just as one might have done a freak at a Barnum and Bailey show.

What a painfully tragic end for the ever-adored Dumas, whose works can never die so long as lovers of splendidly thrilling and strong "moving" novels exist.

In Dumas' days good novels did not fetch the price they do now, but his pen was so prolific that at one time he had accumulated quite a nice fortune.

But like so many of the heroes of his stories, money in his pocket burnt holes. He was generous to an extent that bordered on folly.

"My pen is my capital," he used to say. "When the money I have is all gone, then my pen shall make more."

But his pen and poor Dumas never stopped to think that the *grande vie* he led might one day have such a disastrous effect upon his brain.

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SHAVING SOAP.

The better the soap, the easier the shave. You get the best soap of all in "Erasmic" Shaving Stick.

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Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.

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I SAVE YOU POUNDS!

No longer credit—and offer far easier payment terms than anyone else.

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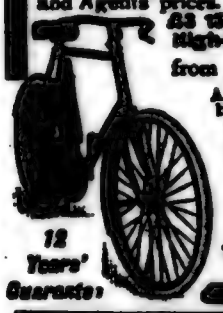
High-grade Coventry-made Cycles from £3 10s. cash, or 5/- monthly.

A small deposit only has to be paid before the machine is despatched to you on approval. WRITE FOR LISTS.

No More Motor Cars! Ill buy a Bike from



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JUNON RESTORES GREY HAIR TO A NATURAL COLOUR Instantaneously and Harmlessly.

It is the MOST PERFECT Preparation that SCIENCE CAN PRODUCE for removing the effects of the ravages of time and mental stress and worry. This is the only permanent one solution preparation on the market that will do this. You can prove the correctness of our claims by sending SIX PENNY STAMPS for one of our LARGE TRIAL BOTTLES, stating the shade you require.

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ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

GREAT MEDICAL VICTORY OVER SLEEPLESSNESS.

No More Dangerous Drug "Sleeping Draughts."

WELL-KNOWN LONDON PHYSICIAN'S REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

It gives one much pleasure to be able to report a great medical discovery—no less an achievement than a victory over sleeplessness, the most fruitful cause of brain disorders and diseases, insanity, and suicide.

No longer now need the nervous and highly-strung fear that most unwelcome of all bedfellows, sleeplessness, for a device which can be donned with one's nightdress and with as much ease banishes the haunting spectre of sleeplessness from one's pillow.

The credit for the discovery is due to a member of the medical profession who has made a special study of insomnia, and who has seen much of the evils wrought by dangerous drug opiates (the sale of which, happily, has just recently been restricted by Parliament). He consequently bent all his mental energies in the direction of finding a satisfactory means of inducing sleep for the sleepless.

Particulars of the doctor's discovery may be obtained by anyone writing to the Secretary of the Somulax Company, 25, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C., and enclosing a penny stamp for postage of explanatory treatise, published to-day, under the title "Insomnia: Its Causes Effects, and Cure."

Medical statistics show the following as the main causes of sleeplessness (in the order given) :—

(1) NEURASTHENIA,
(2) WORRY,
(3) GOUT AND RHEUMATISM,
(4) OVERWORK,
(5) DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.

It will be noticed that each of the above diseases affect the nervous centres. Those which do not, rarely deprive the sufferer of sleep. The consumptive, for instance, rarely suffers from insomnia. On the other hand, painful disorders ofttimes give rise to insomnia, and yet again there are hundreds of thousands of people apparently having nothing whatever the matter with them who are unable to sleep at all for several nights in succession.

Fortunately, the nature of the origin of insomnia is no factor for or against the success of the new drugless cure, the particulars of which should certainly be applied for by all desirous of learning how to obtain refreshing sleep.

As to the advisability of following up this matter, it may be pointed out that insomnia is far more fatal (in the sense of shortening life) and insanity-inducing than the large majority of diseases affecting merely the physical structure.

As to the mind-misery brought about by sleeplessness, only the sufferers themselves can know how deep are its depths, and not one can adequately express the torture of insomnia, for the mind of the sufferer is totally unfitted to give articulate expression to its woes.

Many of the users of the new invention write attributing their accompanying remarkable health improvement to that sweet sleep which "knits up the ravell'd sleave of care." Some of the most remarkable of these reports make mention of the belief of the writers that abstinence from narcotic drugs formerly taken must play a big part in their wonderful rejuvenescence of health.

That, of course, is the case, and it is espscially gratifying to be able to report that the brilliantly successful "Somulax" cure for sleeplessness and broken and fitful sleep removes all desire for narcotic drugs where such exists. In this respect the new drugless cure constrains those who use it to feel something of the same sort of feeling of the cripple who, on being enabled to walk, climbed to the highest point in order to enjoy the supreme pleasure of throwing his crutches therefrom.

Sleeping Firmly and Waking Freshly.

One gentleman now using the doctor's discovery speaks most enthusiastically of it. "It enables me," he says, "to go to sleep generally within fifteen minutes of laying my head upon my pillow, and I sleep firmly and I wake up feeling as fresh and fit as I remember I did when a boy. Instead of an aching head and straining eyes following a night tossing to and fro, my brain feels bright and clear, and my eyes keen and strong. . . . You can have no idea of the difference it means to me, and I am glad to learn that the doctor's great discovery is now going to be placed within the reach of the general public."

Space does not permit of a description here of the discovery, which certainly exercises a marvellously beneficial effect in all cases of sleeplessness, however originated—and even in chronic long-standing cases of insomnia. The above-mentioned explanatory treatise will, however, be sent to readers who send stamp for postage to the Secretary, the Somulax Company, at the address mentioned.

The "brain fever of excitement," which in the majority of cases occasions sleeplessness, is soothed in a marvellously magical manner by the doctor's invention, which performs its good work in a purely physiological way. Cerebral congestion is reduced, the pulsating brain ceases to throb with abnormal activity, and slows down to the degree proper to natural sleep. The senses drop off to rest, and the brain has only to keep up its "night duty" work of running the systems of respiration, circulation, secretion, etc.

The Quality of Sleep.

In the morning following the sweet, reposeful slumber induced by the discovery there is no trance-like awakening, no energyless returning to the duties of the day. Instead, every faculty feels strengthened with the strength which can come only from natural repose.

The "Somulax" invention comes like a reprieve to those condemned to a slow death by sleep-starvation. Day by day the invention continues its good work of building up the physical and mental ability to rest. The rest is as refreshingly insensible and unforced as that of a healthy child;

—the head cools down;

—the blood ebbs to the great vital organs of life;

—the circulation concentrates on its involuntary duty of nourishing the physical structure;

—the forces of voluntary effort are retired for rest;

—the whole body and brain are revitalised as the result of the vital power being reduced to half-expenditure;

—rest refills the reservoir of vital force;

—and the user of the Somulax Sleep Aid awakens literally like a giant refreshed.

In addition to benefiting those who are actually unable to sleep, the cure is also just as efficacious in those even more numerous cases in which the quality of the sleep is inferior.

It is this very class from which the army of the sleepless is constantly being recruited. The members of this class never rise refreshed by their "semi-sleep." They lack energy, because their sleep has not been of the character which permits of the vitality being fully renewed. As a medical writer has expressed it: "They never wake up until the late afternoon." And it is this very condition which leads to chronic sleeplessness.

There can be no doubt that the simple invention physiologically draws off from the brain the poisonous venous products so profusely created in neurasthenia, worry, overwork, etc. In place of the fiercely agitated condition of the 600,000,000 grey cells in the brain there succeeds the delightfully comforting sense of an influence which says, "Peace, be still" to their disorderly activity. The influence works physiologically. In time the faculty of sleep grows until it again forms part and purpose of the individual's constitution.

This splendid result is attained by the new invention without internal medicines or special pillows of any kind, and the full details that will be sent by post to readers explain what every sufferer from sleeplessness should know if he or she desires to avoid the dreadful state of mind and body which follows on long-continued sleeplessness.

Full particulars will be sent to every person who sends stamp for postage to the Secretary, the Somulax Company (the licensees for the invention), 25, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C.

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Nothing else is expected of you than to recommend us to the circle of your acquaintances after the success has been completely proven, that means not before you have received from us £108 on your £4 invested.

The Subscription will be closed Saturday, the 15th of May, at 12 o'clock.

AMOUNT REQUIRED £4

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Our Campaign for 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways), and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors and very often have an occasion to feel that in three months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 20 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Canadians: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stockbroker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through our **Canadian Trust.** We will force you to a certain degree at least once to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact: send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable.

OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Canadian Pacific (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £4—and the estimated profit is £104—in 3 months).

Condition 1st. All Canadian shares are opened at the London closing price of Saturday, the 15th of May, which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, etc., etc.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 186¼—186½, then is the buying price 186½, nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much.

A Daily newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Monday, 16th August, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the four pounds of your investment.

3rd. If on Monday, the 16th of August, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction will be kept open for the next 3 months, i.e., Monday, 15th of November, 1909, without any further margin. We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen is that the closing quotation in London on the 15th of November, 1909, is 2% or more under the quotation of 15th of May, 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £4, and under no circumstances more than four pounds.

4th. Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £4 invested.

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS.

Canadians within three months will be 235 per cent., that means those investing in Canadians should make a profit of £104 on every Thousand Dollars. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent after an interview with one of the best known American Financiers predicted rise of 60 per cent. in Unions, and those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Canadian Trust we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Saturday, the 15th of May, the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the trust please send by return post the attached application form, with the name and address and the amount of Four Pounds to the folliowng address:

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This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in the Canadian Trust.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account.

Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody.

USE THIS FORM.

I buy thousand dollars Canadian Pacific Second Series on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £4, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

Name .....

Address .....

If you will invest to a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for $5,000 you must remit £20. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER.

MORE of these forms can be obtained by application to our Offices or by writing. J.B.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

THE PARSON, THE PURITAN, AND THE PEOPLE.

In the course of a speech at the Guildhall the Rev. P. Propert said he was beginning to believe with sadness that the nation is so occupied with the pursuit of pleasure that nothing short of national calamity will awaken it to a sense of moral responsibility. From time to time I have heard similar indictments against the Smart Set, which somehow or other has ceased to be heard of. Father Vaughan used to tell picturesque stories of its reprehensible offences in the pursuit of pleasure. It played bridge for stakes which brought men to the pit mouth of disaster and women to the verge of dishonour. It tumbled about under chairs and tables. Male and female raced after one another up and down the stairs. They rode on the banisters and bobbed heads in and out of each other's bedroom doors. They stuffed each other with more food than it was good for them to eat, and poured down each other's throats more wine than it was good for them to drink. In a word, th y vied with each other in all the possible audacities of pleasure, and were at that time well on their various ways to perdition.

Is our pursuit of pleasure a provocation to the Lord to chasten us with plagues and chastise us with tribulation? I think it is a matter of general observation that all of us, rich and poor, do try to enjoy ourselves rather more than we were wont to do. We roll up in our tens of thousands on Saturday afternoons to watch a football match, and don't roll up in our tens of thousands to hear the parsons on Sundays. We turn into a music-hall whenever we can get a free ticket or spare a shilling. We get ourselves summoned for exceeding the speed limit as soon as ever we can find the money to buy a motor car. We take all the holidays we can get, and have the best possible time when we get them. We live in houses bigger than we need, and take in lodgers to keep the missus lively while we depart to play a hundred up on the nearest green cloth. We revel in the raffles of church bazaars, trip it in stately measure or dreamy whirl at a shilling hop, and go away for our honeymoons to return in time for washing day.

But what would the rev. gentleman? Is life to be one "long, dem'd, horrid grind"? Are we down here to make our years an abiding sorrow and our rent and rates and taxes an unbroken woe? A few of us overdo our pleasures, but most of us overdo our pain. Our fault is not that we take life too gladly, but that we take it too tearfully. We regard it too much as a labour, too little as a pleasure; and if our reverend Mr. Propert could order it for us it would be one long preparation not only for our own funerals, but for those of other people as well. A lively contributor to JOHN BULL was telling everybody a week or so ago he had arrived at the conclusion that there is no such thing as pleasure. Once there lived a Greek philosopher who said there could be no such thing as motion, because one must be either here or there, and could not be in two places at the same time. It may be that there is no such thing as anything. All I myself have been able to make out of life this far is that we begin as a nebular hypothesis, progress as a Darwinian theory, and end as an impossible chemical analysis. Still I pay up my share of *Dreadnoughts* and try to feel that it is intended to be a fine thing to live.

It is usual for persons who declaim against the pleasures of the people to point them to a day of reckoning in great national calamity. To some minds every upheaval of nature is the scourge of an offended God. Every now and again some puritan or other rises to warn us that we are going the way of the Empires which are no more; for further and fuller particulars of which see the elementary books of history. Try as I may, I cannot see anything in the pleasures of this sober-minded, sober-suited, sober-thinking nation of ours to justify the pessimism of the puritans. And I believe it is but the truth to say that we work harder and play less than any other civilised people. A puritan England would be a dismal England, a kill-joy England; I am not sure that it would not be a fallen England. I am not a pessimist, and I would like somebody to preach to the people the gospel that they should not only try to increase the pleasures of life, but show in brightened eyes, and buoyant steps, and smiling faces that that they have found a real pleasure in pleasure, as well as a real pleasure in work.

The Electric Cure is Popular.

AS PLEASANT AS IT IS EFFECTIVE.

It is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle, soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

People will sometimes try an ordinary battery (made, no doubt, for commercial purposes), or a shocking current which irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individuals can be built up.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building-up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used it is possible to apply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica or Gout, the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, or Heart Trouble, should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say, "It might not do me any good." It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of "John Bull," which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be gained. It describes the most successful remedy known, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will receive by return post the most valuable book ever published on the subject.

Oatine

To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the OATINE SHAVING CREAM (in tubes) or the OATINE SHAVING STICK, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the OATINE SOAPS for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner.

Free Samples

of OATINE CREAM and OATINE SOAP will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 2d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 270a, Denman Street, London, S.E.

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The Cheapest Anti-Skid all rubber tyre obtainable.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Corset Question Again.

The poor little girl who wrote to Mrs. Bull concerning the terribly tight corsets she is being made to wear by her aunt, who is a *corsetière*, would doubtless consider it but the adding of insult to injury to tell her that she will in time grow to be grateful to her aunt. Yet more than one correspondent has written bidding Mrs. Bull pass on this consoling message. To people who consider a wasp-waist as both ugly and pitiable, there is something tragic in the pride and complacency of those who regard their deformity as something to crow over. The women of China are immensely proud of their absurd little feet, twisted and misshapen; the women of the South Sea Islands dye their teeth black and expect their smiles to make British seamen discontented with their own white-teethed womenfolk; the women in some parts of India make half-a-dozen big holes in their nostrils and fancy they have added to their beauty thereby. In just this same spirit one lady has written telling how her aunt, from sheer cruelty, determined to torture her by tight-lacing—put her into tight stays and fastened them on with a padlock, so they could not be made looser by night or by day. In a year or two this girl became proud of having a smaller waist than any of her companions, and carried on the performance willingly. To acquire a 15 or 16-inch waist needs, she says, no more trouble than it does to become a good pianist or artist. Now she is married, and is told that she owes this to her having a waist that is just the same size as her husband's neck. Another correspondent learnt by chance on her honeymoon that her bridegroom adored wasp-waists. A little later they were parted for some weeks, and she seized the opportunity to tight-lace for all she was worth, till she was only sixteen inches round the middle. When he returned he was enchanted by the hour-glass effect. I'm sure it is a good thing he was pleased! Some men would have been furious at such reckless indifference to health and strength on the part of the mother of his future family.

One correspondent tells me of a neighbour who is brutally tight-lacing a little girl of about fourteen. This gentleman wonders if it would come under the heading of cruelty, so that the N.S.P.C.C. could interfere. I am afraid that, unless it was obviously done with no other object than to cause suffering, the Society would have no legal grounds for taking any action. Another young lady, who heads her letter, "Cruel Corset Customs," complains that she, together with all the other girls in the West-end shop where she works, are made to pull in their stays till they really suffer agonies, or else lose their posts. At this particular establishment an attempt is being made to force all the girl employees to pull in yet tighter, and unwilling victims are contemplating refusing to submit. As some of them have others dependent on their earnings, the matter is serious. It is hard to see what can be done for girls who are still mere children under the control of their elders, but certainly I think adult self-supporting women should not meekly endure present pain and future risks as part and parcel of grubbing up a livelihood. It does not do to be too timid, too apprehensive of not finding another job just as good as the lost one. A little faith in Providence really isn't a bad thing. Go on strike while you still have health and strength to find another situation; don't wait till you are thrown out of work, enfeebled, maybe, with the red nose of the tight-lacer and perchance the seeds of some horrible internal complaint. You really owe it to those who are dependent upon you.

An Emergency Dish.

Cut six thin slices of uncooked bacon about six or eight inches long. (Cooked bacon or ham will do, but it is not quite so satisfactory.) Mix together a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, another of onion, and an ounce of bread-crumbs; add a pinch of nutmeg, pepper, and grated lemon-rind. Sprinkle this mixture over the bacon, put half a kidney on each slice with a few drops of vinegar, and, rolling it round, tie it with a piece of cotton. Then bake in a hot oven, or heat in a frying-pan for ten or fifteen minutes Serve either hot or cold.

£1,000 for £10

"Lotisico" Policies

Premium paid in monthly or quarterly instalments.

Cash Availability! All loss excluded!

Prospectus free on application from

The First Dutch Insurance Co., Ltd.,

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AGENTS WANTED.

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THE NERVE FOOD

ESFON

Reinforces the Nerves & Strengthens the whole system. Effect immediately perceptible. A palatable Food, *not* a physic. Pamphlet post free, "What it is—What it does." Per tin 1/6 from all Stores and Chemists.

C. J. BURT.

12 & 13, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Why doesn't the Admiralty "answer"?
Is a hint the only thing Lloyd George won't take?
Do they still call themselves 'Unionists" in Sheffield?
Isn't the Stock Exchange suffering from differences"?
Will the tax on spirits increase the sale of beer?
Is Captain Kincaid-Smith the "Barred of Avon" now?
Do they teach "languages" at the Hampstead School of Golf?
Can Beerbohm Tree play Beethoven?
Is 'Oh, listen to the Banned" the favourite tune in the L.C.C. parks?
Is the Women's Aerial League a flighty institution?
Will the French Government miss the post?
Isn't a lack of airships a soar deficiency?
How much are the tobacco *manufacturers* losing over the Budget?

The new Empire revue is called "Come Inside." A very inviting title.

The Bournemouth Council declined to engage Miss Maud Allan to dance at the Winter Gardens. Perhaps they feared she would catch cold.

The Prince of Wales has been speaking in praise of advertising. Royalty well knows the value of "display."

The Admiralty requires more slips, we read. Haven't they made enough as it is?

Sir J. J. Thomson declares there is music in the dewdrop. Has he heard the dew drop?

"Angler catches a partridge," we read. Fly fishing evidently.

"The unknown genius is almost certainly poor," says Louis Tracy. Obviously since he can have little to his credit.

Morris dancing is being revived, with benefit, in West Norfolk. Other counties should take steps to imitate.

"Is it true," asks a reader, "that Mrs. Atherton's character is not 'Stirling'?"

The headline, "Stealing a Bridge," suggests that the thief took it to get over a difficulty.

"And up the police galloped in a motor," says the *Daily News*. They won't leave the poor old gee-gee his gallop even.

Balloon picnics are now being arranged in America. Participators are looking forward to a high old time.

"Women are like automobiles," says Helen Rowland. True, if a man is not careful, he will be run away with.

However poor a woman's sight may be, she can generally see through a man.

The Suffragette who interrupted Mr. Birrell's meeting at Colston Hall from the organ, was a "Stop" soon pulled out.

Anatomical Definitions:—

Stomach—Little Mary.	Arms—Accoutrements.
Head—Napoleon Boney-part.	Legs—Johnnie Walker.
Nose—Wellington.	Feet—Understandings.
Scalp—Archi-bald.	Tongue—Mother-in-law.
Hair—Tatcho.	Neck—The Over-exposed.
Mouth—Suffragette.	Heart—Mabel Love.
Face—Cheek.	Muscle—Sandow.
Eyes—Argus-tus.	Waist—Extravagance.
Teeth—Falstaff (false stuff).	Spine—Sir John Colomb.
Throat—The Musical Box.	Heel—The Cure.
Brains—War Department.	Liver—The Immortal.

"I hadn't a penny left in my pocket," said the reproving young wife. "Then why didn't you send me a wire?" came the reply.

"Many a man stops short too soon," says J. H. Yoxall. Others stop "short" too long.

The report that there is "a great demand for wives in Rhodesia" is incorrect. What is wanted is the raw material, not the finished article.

"Sovereigns in a Towel," we read. Filthy lucre, no doubt.

There are more than 150 women chemists at the present time. The sex has always been good at "making up."

"What the Public Wants" is to be produced at the Aldwych. This will be a change.

District nursing as a profession for women is urged, but they will learn all about it when they get into Parliament.

More School Howlers:—

Nemo sapi omnibus horis was translated "No one perspires like an omnibus horse."

"Without eating potatoes we become very delicate, because they are very necessary to sustain human life."

"Publicans were men who went about gathering tacks. They were mostly sinners."

"Sir Thomas Moore was the Bard of Erin, and was killed at the Battle of Corunna; he was also a soldier and statesman."

"Cyclones are what volcanoes evaporate."

"The Young Pretender claimed to be one of the Princes murdered in the Tower, and was put into the King's kitchen to work as Prince Charles Edward."

"Dr. Arnold was hung as a spy during the American war because Washington would never tell a lie."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamps have been enclosed in payment of postage.

A. R. (Leytonstone), J. W. (Belfast), J. I. (Bordesley St.) R. C. (Southwark), W. B. (Middlesbro'), A. J. (Clapham) and many others, write pointing out that 271094 is given as a successful number in respect of the issues of February 27th and April 3rd, and each claiming a guinea. They have quite misunderstood the scheme. All the copies of the paper are numbered consecutively, on the side of the first page of the cover. Five weeks later, fifty of such numbers are balloted for and announced on page iii of the cover, and it is in respect of these drawn numbers only that the canvassers are selected and the guineas paid. Sometimes the same numbers are drawn in different weeks, but no payment is made for pointing out the coincidence.

J. S. (Sunderland) wants a biscuit for a paper which gave portraits of direct descendants of Joan of Arc. But we have heard that she had children.

W. H. (Leeds).—"Invasion by Motor" must allude to motor-boats. There are so many invasion scares nowadays.

"SEA SALT" (Harrogate) says local anæsthetics, like cocaine, are even more dangerous than general ones, like nitrous oxide. But he does not think dentists should be restricted to nitrous oxide, for new anæsthetics may be discovered at any time.

"ANOTHER OF THEM" writes from Morocco that outdoor patients who talk of bronchial tubes and try to diagnose their own cases are a nuisance to busy medical men. We can well believe it. They might find them out.

J. S. (Wokingham) protests against "the horrors of chasing hinds right on to the end of March," when "these hapless creatures are, many of them, in calf." He asks if we approve of infants being blooded out hunting. Certainly, the sporting instinct should be inculcated as early as possible.

G. A. S. (Shepherd's Bush) says he received the greatest kindness and courtesy at Charing Cross Hospital.

"CASHIER" (Blackburn) sends a transparent envelope, and wants us to enclose a sovereign or note for the Batley Hospital, and promises to ascertain the contents before opening. Good idea. Who will give us a lead?

W. McN. (Johannesburg) attacks Dinizulu, and thinks the Natal Government was quite justified in using all possible means to obtain a conviction. We think they should have been restricted to fair means. He also admires them for ransacking the country for witnesses. Well, we may be prejudiced against that practice. He further contends that anyone picking his grandmother's pocket "is too mean to live." Let us then have lynch law in Jo'burg, and begin on the Scotsmen.

G. H. (Hatton Garden) has a friend in France, who received a lottery ticket and an intimation that he had won a £6 phonograph, which would either be sent out for 12s., or delivered free on application to Henry Sanderson, Phonograph Factory, 30, Rossiter Road, Balham. G. H. sent to Balham for the machine, but found that only one room in the house was in use, nobody answered repeated knocks, and neighbours said Sanderson only called in the early morning and left at 9.30 a.m. It *may* be all right, but it sounds distinctly fishy.

"HALF ONE" says it doesn't seem to strike us that "whichever party predominate in the L.C.C., they can but be the puppets of the overwhlming officialdom which has been established for life, and that the only thing succeeding parties have left to them is to find places for their relatives and friends." Reshad Effendi must join the L.C.C.

E. B. (Upper Norwood) thinks Joan of Arc was beatified to please the French, but they haven't been very pleasant to the Roman Catholic Church lately.

"JOKING JENKINS" saw a notice at the Adelphi: "THE DEVIL. TO THE PIT." The right place, too, but not Bottomley's Pit, please. "Spit, please," is what the dentists say.

P. C. W. (Birmingham) relates an experience of discourtesy at St. Mark's Hospital, City Road. More noisy correspondence?

E. H. C. P. (Bristol) wants to cross-examine our correspondent "Disgusted" about his subscription to the hospital, his ailments, etc. But he would be still more disgusted. Besides, we haven't space.

C. R. W. (Merthyr Vale) thinks that if our correspondent "Disgusted" can afford to subscribe to hospitals, he ought to be in a position to employ a doctor. But C. R. W. is in the medical line himself. Is this a case of the cloven hoof or the hairy heel?

WARNING

Black Cat MILD Cigarettes 10 for 3d.

☞ Do not pay any more than 3d. for 10 Black Cat Mild Cigarettes.

☞ Price permanently fixed.

☞ Fair remuneration to the Tobacconist.

☞ These Cigarettes remain exactly the same in quality, being manufactured from the famous 1904 Crop of Finest Matured Virginia Tobacco.

☞ They are better than any in the market at 10 for 3½d.

☞ The same weight, same size, same make as before.

Black Cat Mild Cigarettes are not like others—which, before the Budget were 10 for 2½d., and are now selling at 10 for 3d. Black Cat Mild Cigarettes were always 10 for 3d., full value being given. They are 10 for 3d. still, and the same value, although duty has been increased by the Budget.

T. R. (Hackney).—We have every sympathy with cabmen, and note the grievances you enumerate. But cabmen will soon be extinct, alas!

W. R. R. (Holland Park) questions the veracity of the *Christian Herald*, which depicts a dog on the box of a cart stopping a runaway horse. But it was a dog-cart.

Messrs. Russell and Co. have written again saying that our complainant has not paid their claim of 10s. 1d. for greeting cards, and that their omission of Mr., Mrs., or Miss in addressing her was due to the mistake of "an over-zealous clerk." Our complainant retorts that this does not affect the fact that they demanded money with menaces, which they must have known to be illegal; also that she has no intention of paying 10s. 1d. or any other sum for their cards.

F. P. M. (East Molesey) and others enclose the money-bags of Wolverhampton Corporation. As they are transparent, it was, after all, possible to verify their contents before opening—with a little practice and luck.

G. B. (Liverpool) says there is no university, only an observatory at Treptow. We observe.

C. F. H. (Millwall Docks) says that Roberts, of New Cross, Edwards, of Chiswick, and Blackwell, of Canning Town, have for years been taking florins and half-crowns from young men and women for useless information about stewards, sea cooks, etc. He says there are now hundreds of experienced stewards unable to find employment owing to slackness in the passenger trade. Moreover, a Board of Trade licence is required to supply seamen of any grade. These people are therefore careful no to actually promise employment. There is only one recognised Society for stewards and cooks, and no one can join that without showing a book of discharges.

H. H. M. R. (North Shields).—It was perhaps a jest to advertise an "Irish number" of the *Edinburgh Student* by saying "Don't wait and buy a copy when they're all sold out." At least it was Scots Irishry.

F. F. (Clapham) says he has seen the *Review of Reviews* advertise itself under the heading of "Books for the Bairns." He thinks "this either shows that a magnified view of the bairns' intellectual capacity has been taken, or else that the *Review of Reviews* has sadly altered." It is not for us to decide.

"A Conservative Reader" protests that "Edouard Teschemacher cannot be called an alien." Well, well, well.

A. G. (Child's Hill) writes: "The burnt meat-offering of Abel was gratifying to the Lord because, being all-wise, He knew that incineration was the only rational and sanitary method of disposing of a corpse, and, by inference, He showed His abhorrence of the detestable practice of degrading the human stomach to sarcophagal purposes. His disapproval of Cain's action of burning luscious fruit was only to be expected. To burn good fruit is to display contempt for the divine produce of the orchard!" We never thought of that.

S. A. M. (South Hackney), referring to our remarks on a scribbler who worried royal personages with his verses, observes that, "in some cases, it is hard to spirit a lunatic away."

H. B. (Kingsland) entrusted Hardy and Co. (70, Chancery Lane) with some debts to collect. After nearly five months they sent him 5d., retaining £1 0s. 7d. as commission, etc. But he made them disgorge part. Why deal with such people?

R. D. (St. Leonard's-on-Sea) says: 'I repeat, surely it is time for England to rise up and insist on the inspection of convents." We are not against inspection, but we do not share extreme Protestant prejudices. Most nuns are full of amiability. Nun Nicer.

W. T. D. (Elgin Avenue).—Many thanks for the copy of the old John Bull, which makes very interesting reading.

A. H. M. R. (Oxford) advises us to read Snowden's "Socialist Budget" and take in *Justice* and the *Clarion*. Then, he thinks, we shall discover our true affinity. So we will put the *War Cry* on one side for the moment.

F. S. W. (Bristol).—We answer correspondents as fast as ever we can, but there are a good many of them.

"A Lover of Fair Play and John Bull" defends the Manchester police against our criticisms. But even the revised version is unsatisfactory.

"Lucky Boys" (Southwold) want to know our opinion of Lord and Co., "incandescent light specialists," Manchester. We have often advised readers to avoid the firm.

J. M. (Grenada, B.W.I.).—We do not advise you to pay Mr. Rice three guineas to "cure you of rupture."

C. H. (East Ham) found Goddard and Co. satisfactory. He has been selling rubber stamps for them.

R. V. (Clapham Road) protests against the extortionate methods of hire furnishing firms. He says the homes of thousands are ruined, and a victim once in the toils is utterly helpless. He mentions a firm which tries to extort a deposit before allowing any furniture to be seen, and then charges three or four times the market value, with 10 per cent. added for the accommodation. But the principal profit is made by the seizure of goods when instalments fall in arrear. We think some legislation should be introduced to check this form of robbery.

F. C. M. (Fulham).—It is difficult to review law suits on the strength of newspaper reports, but the plaintiff certainly had a *prima facie* case against St. Bart's Hospital, and we do not understand Mr. Justice Grantham saying "the injury that would be done if the case went to the jury would be untold." Moreover, it was characteristic of that Judge to think he knew better than a traveller in the tropics how much alcohol may safely be consumed there.

"Ex-Telegraphist" objects to a Sunday delivery in London because "hard-worked servants of the department would be deprived of their Sunday's rest." That would be an argument against Sunday railways or Sunday milk. Surely postmen in country towns are not inhumanly overworked. He goes on to say: "The Post Office is nothing less than a huge convenience placed at the disposal of the public." Hoity-toity! We suppose we ought to be jolly grateful for receiving any letters at all. Anyhow, most letters are a nuisance.

"Young John" (Avonmouth).—Crow has had the jim-jams, but has now returned to the rookery.

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waistcoats are a matter for consideration. Those patterns you liked last year are quite good enough for another season's wear, providing they are properly cleaned and pressed. The dry cleaning process is the only way to do this satisfactorily, and we can guarantee to send your waistcoats back to you in a few days, looking almost as fresh as new, and without injury to pattern, colour or fabric. Write to-day for our catalogue and address of nearest branch or agency; or orders may be sent direct to address below. We pay carriage one way.

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IT WILL TELL YOU THE STATE OF HEALTH OF YOUR SCALP AND HAIR.

Free to All who make this Test—An Outfit containing all you need for a whole week's Scalp and Hair Treatment.

Try this Test to-day.

It will tell you at once the state of your Scalp and Hair.

It will tell you in a couple of minutes whether you are threatened with Premature Baldness or Greyness. (And Baldness or Greyness is always Premature, seeing that by taking reasonable and proper care you can possess luxuriant and beautiful hair for *the whole of your life.*)

But in order to do this any disorders or weaknesses that may be assailing your hair (and the hair has many enemies, and is extremely susceptible to their attacks) should be discovered as soon as possible. You can then conquer them in their earliest and weakest stages, before the stamina of your hair has been seriously undermined.

This test will discover any such disorder, or weakness at once. It affords an infallible indication, an unmistakable proof.

A Two Minutes Test of Hair Health.

It only takes two minutes.

Take your stand before a looking-glass and give your hair a thorough brushing, afterwards passing your comb through it three or four times.

Now look at your brush and comb.

Entangled in the teeth of the comb, or among the bristles of the brush, you will perhaps find two or three hairs, long or short, dry or greasy, discoloured or the reverse, possibly accompanied by a certain amount of dandruff or scurf-dust.

If so, this is proof that your hair requires immediate and careful attention.

These few hairs upon your brush and comb are a certain and unfailing indication that you are threatened with Hair-Trouble of some sort or other—trouble, which, if neglected, will rob your hair of all its beauty, luxuriance, gloss, and colour, render it prematurely scanty, grey, and unbecoming, and perhaps leave you white-haired, totally bald (or nearly so), and, so far as your appearance goes, prematurely aged.

Do not think this test a trivial one.

Do not think that because you cannot just now number the hairs of your head the falling-out of a few of them will make no difference to your appearance.

It is not the number of the hairs that have fallen out in this Hair-Health Test that matters; it is the indication they afford of what will certainly follow if you do not take immediate steps to give your hair the care it requires.

But, fortunately, there is time yet to assist your hair to recover its strength and luxuriance and beauty, to eliminate every weakness or disorder that may attack it now or in the future.

Make the test described above, and if it results in your finding any fallen hairs or scurf-dust in your brush and comb, then fill up the coupon at the foot of this article, and forward it, together with 3d. in stamps for postage (or take it personally, and save even this small amount) to the offices of Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Royal and Court Hair Specialist and discoverer of the well-known "Harlene-for-the-Hair," and "Hair-Drill," and you will at once be sent, or presented with, a *Free Outfit for a Whole Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill,"* containing everything you require (including full instructions and a seven days' supply of Harlene) to eliminate the hidden weakness that is undermining your hair, to stop your hair falling out or losing its colour, and to renew its strength, vigour, and luxuriance.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" takes up only about three minutes of time every day. Practise it according to the direction Mr. Edwards will send you with this Free Package, and you will at once notice a most wonderful improvement in the appearance of your hair. You will feel a new and refreshing sensation of vitality in the tissues of your scalp, and among the roots of your hair. Dull hair will become glossy, bright, and beautiful; faded, grey, or white hair will resume its natural colour; thin hair will grow thick and luxuriant; bald patches, or places where the hair has become scanty, will be rapidly covered with a growth of strong, elastic, and silky hair, whilst all itching or irritation of the scalp will cease from worrying you, and deposits of scurf or dandruff will disappear.

MAKE THIS HAIR HEALTH TEST.

Take your brush and comb. Well brush and comb your hair for, say, two or three minutes. Then look at both brush and comb. If you see more than two or three hairs on each, lose no time in sending for the Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit offered in this article to every reader who will give it a fair trial for one week, free of expense to himself or herself. After the one week's test of "Harlene Hair-Drill" make the brush and comb hair-health test again—you will see no fallen hairs.

A vigorous growth of hair implies a full and healthy blood-flow to carry the necessary nutriment to the epidermic cells in which the hair follicles are rooted. When the blood-tide flows full and strong there will be both vigorous health and a copious plenitude of well-nourished hair. In robust health, the hairs are thickly and firmly set in the skin; in debilitated persons they fall out spontaneously or with very slight reason.

Englishmen and Englishwomen.

The nutrition of hair is effected by vessels in close contact with their tissue, without actually entering into their structure, so that causes affecting the condition of the scalp also act powerfully upon the hair.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the baldness of Englishmen and hirsute poverty of Englishwomen is the result of faulty methods of treatment, and of the essentially English fondness for water. The hair is extremely sensitive both to external and internal shocks. Each hair has its service supply of nerves and muscles, and we know how these affect the hair in moments of strong emotion, as, for instance, when fear causes the hair literally to stand on end, or, as in the case of Marie Antoinette, turns it white in the space of a single night. Although not so quickly apparent, the effects of external shocks are equally injurious, and the practice of washing the hair with the mineral saturated water that has been conducted through lead or iron pipes is largely responsible for the prevalence of baldness and numerous diseases of hair in this country.

Fill up the following coupon and forward it to the address given.

A full week's supply of "Harlene," together with directions for daily "Hair-Drill," will thereupon be forwarded to you gratis, to any address, and if at the end of the week you desire to continue the treatment (as you are pretty sure to do), you can obtain further supplies of "Harlene" for "Hair-Drill" at any leading chemists or stores, or direct from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 to 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles.

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To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sirs,—Having carried out the interesting Hair-Test described in your article, I wish to apply for one of the Free Outfits for seven days' "Harlene Hair-Drill," to which this coupon entitles me.

I enclose *3d. postage, and shall be glad if you will send the outfit to the following address:

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ADDRESS .....

.....

*The holder of this coupon may dispense with this payment by making a personal call for the Outfit.

JOHN BULL, May 15, 1909.

Mr. Edward Van Biene, and several other readers, call our attention to the hardship of having to pay increased prices to retailers of spirits and tobacco on the strength of Budget proposals which may not be accepted by the House of Lords, although they become operative the moment the resolutions are passed by the Commons—which is always done on the first day of the Budget Debate. Another injustice is that the retailers immediately raised their prices, though holding large stocks upon which they had paid the lower duties. Of course a similar extortion occurred with regard to bread, with the aggravating circumstance that, in the case of that necessary of life, the poor were further robbed by no reduction being made in the price, although the corner in wheat had collapsed and the price fallen again.

Mr. W. Pooley, of Queen's Road, Plaistow, informs "Charity with Common-sense" that he is at liberty to inspect the books, duly audited, showing how every farthing received has been expended—including about £200 supplied by Mr. Pooley himself. Perhaps it would be simpler if Mr. Pooley were to send us a copy of the accounts.

E. P. B. (Swansea) wishes to become a surveyor and wants to know how to go about it. Why not communicate with the secretary of the International Correspondence Schools, Kingsway, London, W.C.?

B. H. T. (Sheffield) protests that when Omar Khayyam wrote of wine and the cup and the tavern, he really meant truth and the universe and the soul of the philosopher. 'M yes, and the Song of Solomon was a subtle adumbration of the Christian Church! We should not love Omar half so well if we thought he did not mean what he said.

"Crede Experto" says the Earl of Meath, like all wise people, travels by the Norddeutscher line because it is comfortable, and passengers are treated like guests, whereas the P. and O. regard passengers as a nuisance. Surely the P. and O. boats vary. We have travelled on a very comfortable one.

"Boy Scout" (Lincoln) is annoyed by our remarks about his playmates. He writes "Cannot a person act as he likes without your interfering? Why do you interfer with other people's' business, you go to far. Perhaps you will be so kind as to tell Baden-Powell so, and argue with him, if you are so fond of making personal comments. Why don't you write and tell people about their faults (perhaps you have none) and not make your paper up of other people's business"? Our young friend should learn to spell instead of playing at pirates.

"Bishop of Little Ilford" protests against a statement that Christ never fasted, and draws our attention to St. Matthew iv. 2. But Christ did not fast on oysters and salmon and asparagus.

R. W. H. (London, N.).—It was unkind to advertise a concert in aid of a man's "widows and orphans."

W. H. W. (Exeter) says we ought to have blamed the St. Thomas, instead of the Exeter, Poor Law Guardians. All right, we will.

R. M. (Bridport).—How could you expect the Bridport magistrates to know anything about Minerva? They probably thought she was a new soap.

"Marmion" sends a warning against Buckenham Bros. (12, St. Bride Street), who advertise for a steward on a battleship, and want £50 security, besides fees.

W. T. T. (Port Talbot) wants "a list of good books dealing with causes, principles and philosophy, also those books or authors whose expressions are grand and lofty." What about Gibbon, Herbert Spencer, Nietzsche, Swift, Voltaire, Disraeli, Dr. Johnson, the Bible—and "Bottomley's Book"?

H. G. (Chichester).—We have no idea how the rent of a garden came to be advertised as "2s. 6d. a hundred." Perhaps there was a bridge.

G. J. H. (Blackfriars Road) sends us a prospectus of co-operation as applied to bookmaking. What fun it must be to win your own money!

R. K. (Maida Hill) wants a chess column, but the suggestion has not yet aroused great enthusiasm among our readers.

H. P. (London, S.E.) inquires about the Great Portland Association (for supplying paying guests, etc.). It is a golden rule not to pay such people gold in advance.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

It is very gratifying to record the fact that the Kempshall Tyre Company are keeping very busy, last week in particular constituting a record week for sales. The new anti-skid tyre, in particular, is catching on with remarkable success, and as it is very reasonable in price, there will doubtless be a very large demand for the new tyre.

Our attention has been directed to the Gas Consumers' Protection Association, of 22, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C., which claims to have an instrument that can be attached to an ordinary gas jet without meddling with the meter or supply in any way, and can immediately give a trustworthy report as to whether the meter is registering correctly or not. The Association's inclusive fee for sending an expert checker to any house and reporting upon its meter is 2s. 6d. If the Association can and does do what it claims to do it should have plenty of work before it. Do any of our readers know anything about this Association?

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BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

IT'S A BOGEY

Many thrifty capable housewives reluctantly permit the appearance of the table to be spoiled by a shabby worn out collection of Knives and Forks, under the mistaken idea that a brand new set of Sheffield Cutlery is so expensive as to be quite out of reach. Our system of supplying direct from the factory has made objection to the expense nothing more than a bogey which vanishes immediately the low factory price of our Cutlery is mentioned, and our easy subscription method enables you to buy without effort.

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2/- in the £ Discount Cash with order.

Merely send 2/6 with your promise to pay nine monthly subscriptions of 2/6, and we deliver NOW our World-famed "Enterprise" Parcel *Made in our own Factory*

51 Pieces for 25/-

as described below. The Knives are of Genuine Sheffield Steel, with handsome Ivorette handles, matched in perfect imitation of real African Ivory, and the Spoons & Forks are of Columbian Silver, which is as white as genuine sterling silver and of exquisite polish.

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The tables can be placed in a moment on any dining table, or supplied as combined dining and billiard table. Prices are astonishingly low, ranging from £3 7s. 6d. upwards. **Cash or Easy Payments.**

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in a natural manner and
NEVER FAILS.
IT IS NOT A DYE.

Large Bottles price 2/6 each, sent in plain sealed wrapper.

Address, Professor HENRY DUBOIS,
38, WELLS STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lottinga.
(*"Larry Lynx" of* The People, *and "Magpie" of* The Globe.)

Prophetic.

Nearly everybody will appreciate a quiet week, and before readers of these notes can possibly begin (although I have need to indite them days in advance), Newmarket will be two-thirds over.

Anyhow, the remaining day provides one horse we are entitled to bet upon in Moorland Lad for the Three Year Old Handicap. Blackstone is the obvious danger, although much more likely to wait for Windsor, where he would meet his opponent on 9lbs. better terms.

I never advise anyone to go to Gatwick, for it is a great straggling place, with the ring literally half a mile from the paddock, where you see very little, and are pretty sure to get a soaking if it rains. And, finally, if you only go into the little ring you are hemmed in like chickens without being permitted exit. Thus, stay at home and have what it would cost for expenses upon Prester Jack in the Alexandra Handicap, for his Kempton running was 21lbs. behind the Hurst Park performance.

The danger for those who are owed money (and I should like to meet the man who is not included) is Desespoir—especially if the ground should become heavy, which, however, is unlikely.

On Saturday there are two "good things"—

William the Fourth,

whom it would be only sensible to run for the Marlborough Stakes, which he should win, so as to open his eyes prior to the Derby, which, I think, is beyond his prowess.

Twenty-nine of the 42 entries for the Princess Handicap pay forfeit, so there are not many left—especially when you consider those who have been badly beaten since the weights were allotted. If she is any good at all, this, of course, is the chance for Bouncing Bess, who could not act up and down the Epsom track, while Laveuse, although only a plater, is always useful. Maya's Metropolitan form was, of course, altogether wrong, for there are not many horses who really stay two miles, but the only animal that I can possibly go for—and I honestly think it a "good thing"—is

Dutch,

who must be backed each way. Only his breaking a blood vessel, of which there is always a risk, can possibly prevent his white face from being right in the van when the field passes the post. Here the galloping course and the severity of the track will just suit him, but, of course, we must bet each way.

If he goes up North we are entitled to back Asticot for the Manor Handicap at Haydock Park, but I dare not make a pick now for the Makerfield Handicap, as between Certosa, Grey Jersey, and Captain Symons one is apt to "get into trouble." On Saturday I must trust Velvet in the Haydock Park Handicap, with a danger from whichever Sadler runs—probably our "dear" old friend Marathon II., although I hope that both he and Moorland Lad will have won in the interim at Newmarket.

I am even now compelled to deal with Lingfield Park Meeting next Monday, and my preference is for

Seaham,

with obvious danger from Fireclay. Had Frank Wootton ridden him at Hurst Park, and the horse met with better luck, I think Seaham would have about won in lieu of Sir Archibald.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.
THE MAN IN THE MOON.

TWELVE PAGES.

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Weighing Room Whispers (by "Moonbeam").
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Rhymes from the Racecourse.
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People we Meet at the Races.
The Light Side of Racing.
And last—but not least—

FOUR TREBLE-STARRED SELECTIONS FOR NEXT WEEK'S RACING.

Our regular subscribers have so far had a grand season, every week being a winning week. We are confident of beating all records during the next few weeks, and we want every sportsmen to rally round us.

All sportsmen who wish to fare well at the forthcoming meetings are advised to send

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for the next issue of "The Man in the Moon." Please post early, as the demand is sure to be enormous.

The fact that the circulation of "The Man in the Moon" is increasing each week by leaps and bounds is ample proof that the information contained therein gives satisfaction.

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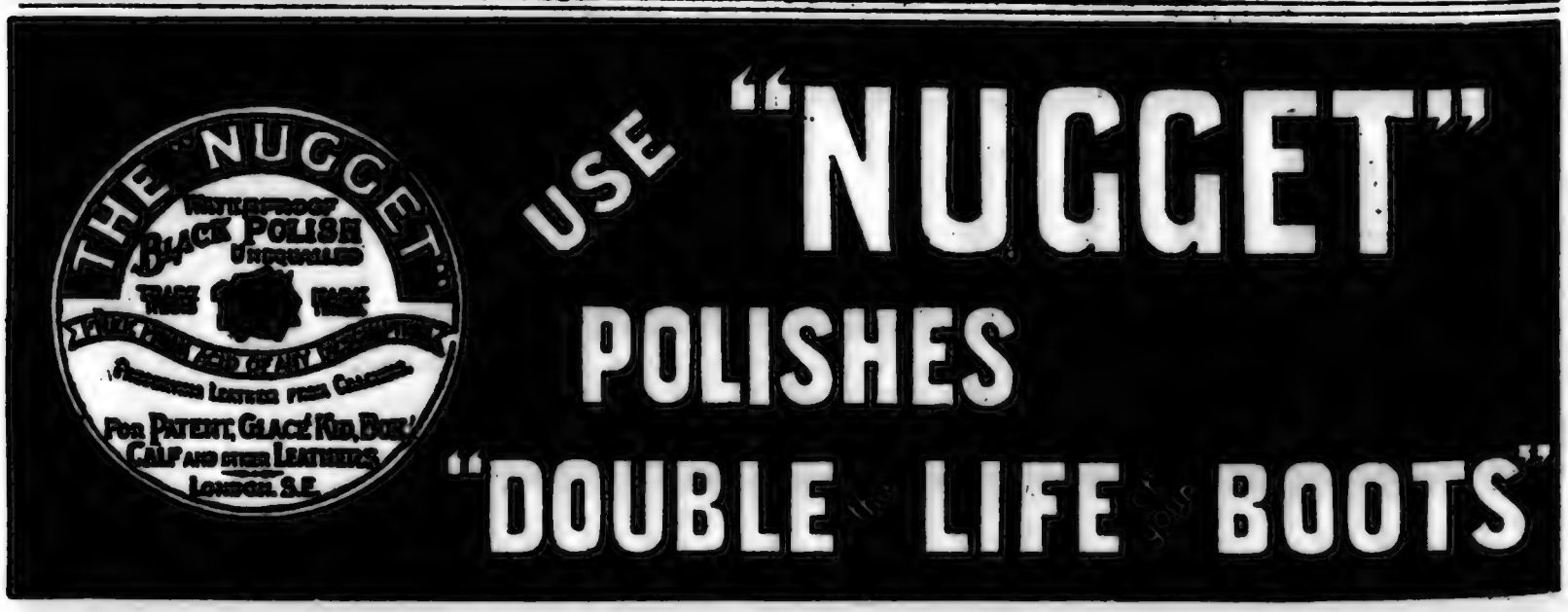

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Prophetic.

Nearly everybody will appreciate a quiet week, and before readers of these notes can possibly begin (although I have need to indite them days in advance), Newmarket will be two-thirds over.

Anyhow, the remaining day provides one horse we are entitled to bet upon in Moorland Lad for the Three Year Old Handicap. Blackstone is the obvious danger, although much more likely to wait for Windsor, where he would meet his opponent on 9lbs. better terms.

I never advise anyone to go to Gatwick, for it is a great straggling place, with the ring literally half a mile from the paddock, where you see very little, and are pretty sure to get a soaking if it rains. And, finally, if you only go into the little ring you are hemmed in like chickens without being permitted exit. Thus, stay at home and have what it would cost for expenses upon Prester Jack in the Alexandra Handicap, for his Kempton running was 21lbs. behind the Hurst Park performance.

The danger for those who are owed money (and I should like to meet the man who is not included) is Desespoir—especially if the ground should become heavy, which, however, is unlikely.

On Saturday there are two "good things"—

William the Fourth,

whom it would be only sensible to run for the Marlborough Stakes, which he should win, so as to open his eyes prior to the Derby, which, I think, is beyond his prowess.

Twenty-nine of the 42 entries for the Princess Handicap pay forfeit, so there are not many left—especially when you consider those who have been badly beaten since the weights were allotted. If she is any good at all, this, of course, is the chance for Bouncing Bess, who could not act up and down the Epsom track, while Laveuse, although only a plater, is always useful. Maya's Metropolitan form was, of course, altogether wrong, for there are not many horses who really stay two miles, but the only animal that I can possibly go for—and I honestly think it a "good thing"—is

Dutch,

who must be backed each way. Only his breaking a blood vessel, of which there is always a risk, can possibly prevent his white face from being right in the van when the field passes the post. Here the galloping course and the severity of the track will just suit him, but, of course, we must bet each way.

If he goes up North we are entitled to back Asticot for the Manor Handicap at Haydock Park, but I dare not make a pick now for the Makerfield Handicap, as between Certosa, Grey Jersey, and Captain Symons one is apt to "get into trouble." On Saturday I must trust Velvet in the Haydock Park Handicap, with a danger from whichever Sadler runs—probably our "dear" old friend Marathon II., although I hope that both he and Moorland Lad will have won in the interim at Newmarket.

I am even now compelled to deal with Lingfield Park Meeting next Monday, and my preference is for

Seaham,

with obvious danger from Fireclay. Had Frank Wootton ridden him at Hurst Park, and the horse met with better luck, I think Seaham would have about won in lieu of Sir Archibald.

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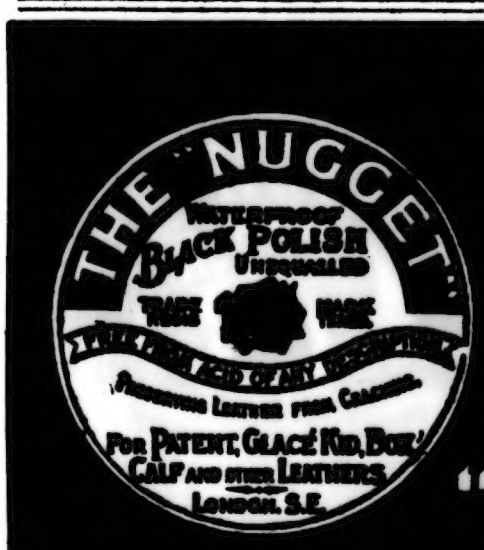

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